Saturday Review of Literature

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By OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY

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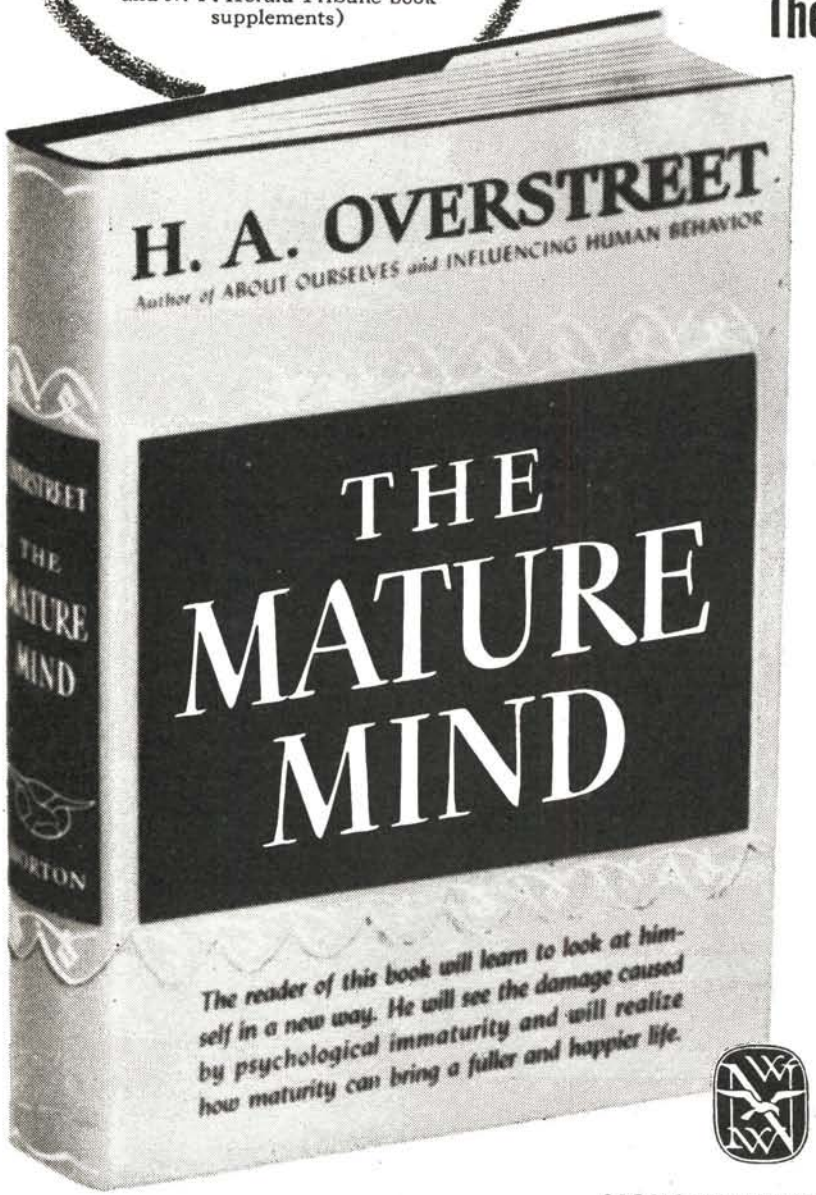
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March 18, 1950

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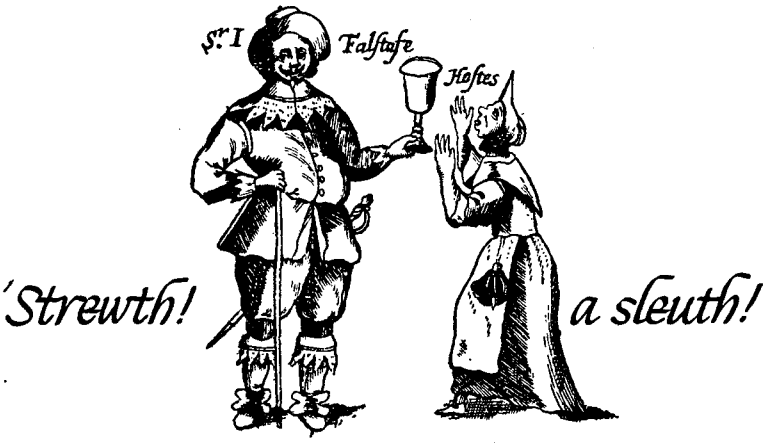

THE POPULARITY OF SHAKESPEARE has suffered but one eclipse — and that only partial — during the Restoration. Ever since then it has grown irresistibly. And yet, despite the efforts of scholars for more than two centuries, much of what Shakespeare wrote and did is shrouded in mystery. This week some of the shrouds come off.

Through the brilliant detection of Dr. Leslie Hotson, who unravelled the mystery of Marlowe's death and recovered Shelley's lost letters to Harriet, some questions that have provoked more folio-searching and more folly than any in the long history of English literature meet their answers. The dating of the sonnets, the rival claims of Southampton and Pembroke to immortality as Mr. W. H., the 'lost years' of Shakespeare's life, the period of the dark lady's reign . . . the identity of mine host of the The Mermaid — these emerge from the literary twilight in

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TRADE Winds

THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE

FROM MIGNON EBERHART, the world's most beautiful murder-story expert, comes this welcome letter:

> Reading about some of Hugh Troy's exploits in your "Shake Well Before Using" made me want to tell of another antic diversion which he propagated. It seems he was having a New Year's party and casting about for something with which to entertain his guests; somewhere, attic or cellar, he happened upon a whole bundle of newspapers dated, say, September 1929. The party, I ought to have said, was in the late Thirties. At any rate, when the guests came he gave them each a newspaper and they took their way to the nearest subway, which they entered and disposed themselves strategically all in one car. Once seated, separately, they unfolded newspapers and began avidly to read. Well, of course, whereas their unwary neighbors might look at one paper and think nothing of it, by the time they looked at three or four and found all the newspapers of the same date, naturally pandemonium resulted. Amnesia and whatnot floated across the unlucky observers' minds. When they reached the next station there was a concerted rush from the car by all the victims dashing out to discover what had happened to themselves during the intervening ten years. Only Hugh Troy could think up something like this. . . .

ANOTHER PAST-MISTRESS of the whodunit department, Craig Rice, has this to say:

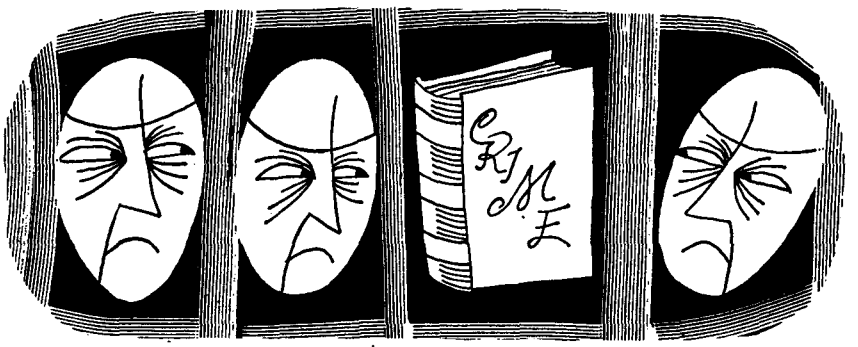
> The ancient gag of the B-picture director who announced, "The boss says, don't use any more old clichés, so we gotta think up some new clichés," reminds me of some worn-out mystery clichés I'd like to see abolished. The hardboiled private eye, for example, who starts out broke and invariably gets a beautiful blonde client who pays off in hundred-dollar bills. The heiress bride who wonders, until almost too late, why her shifty-eyed husband spends so much time digging in the basement. The girl who knows something that will give the murderer away, but can't think what.
>
> Me, I'm getting pretty weary of the Indestructible Man, too, who, in every chapter, takes punishment that would put Joe Louis in the hospital for a month.
>
> On the other hand, I'm waiting for someone to write a mystery novel using *all* the clichés, including identical twins, a homicidal butler, an old lady in a wheel chair who walks around when everybody is asleep, and beginning with the words "Had I but known." I bet it would be a best seller. . . .

CHARLES G. STEWART, business manager of the Music Box Theatre, sends this intriguing anecdote:

> One afternoon during its run in London the members of the American musical success "Oklahoma!" visited the Houses of Parliament. The guide who conducted the tour, Beverly Baxter, critic on *The Daily Express*, had previously endeared himself to the group with his rave review of the play and its players.
>
> Now in another role, as a Member of the House of Parliament, he led his guests through the renowned home of Great Britain's law-making bodies.
>
> As they stopped before the office of Anthony Eden he started to give a short outline of Mr. Eden's political life, when the door opened and the Foreign Minister emerged. Baxter introduced his guests and Eden asked to join them. After the tour all had tea in the Parliament restaurant. Before parting one member of the company suggested asking Mr. Eden for his autograph. He cheerfully agreed and the members of the large company formed a line before him.
>
> William McCarthy, who related this story to me, found himself among the first dozen. As his turn approached he wished he could think of some remark with which to greet Mr. Eden, a remark neither flippant nor trite but something appropriate to the occasion. He tried to recall something from one of the many parts he had played on the stage, something that, because of either its philosophy, its humor, or its fitness to the occasion would impress his host.
>
> Only two members now separated him from the distinguished statesman—still without an expression worthy of this meeting. It wasn't until he extended his slip of paper for the signature that he recovered to say: "May I have a souvenir from the Garden of Eden?" Mr. Eden returned the paper duly signed, and with a wistful smile replied, "Perhaps it's rather from—'Paradise Lost.'"

MONROE BUSH, JR., minister of the First Presbyterian Church in Leesburg, Virginia, overheard a parishioner remark tartly, "If that gossip would tend more to her knitting she wouldn't get so tangled in her yarns." . . . David Kritchevsky, from Zurich, Switzerland, writes, "Recently one of my Swiss co-workers, ascertaining that I was an American, asked me if I played chess. I told him I was a poor player but if he had a chess set I'd be glad to let him beat me. 'No, no, you don't understand,' he answered excitedly. 'I mean hot chess. Benny Goodman and Duke Ellington!'" . . . Ted Davis is grieving because the Indian Walk Shoe Company won't touch his slogan, "The Last of the Mohicans." "They won't even give me a pair of shoe-strings for trying," he says. "It's downright shoddy of them." . . . N. Sulzberger writes about a surgeon whose patients were so scarce he opened a tailor shop. "It was dangerous to go for a fitting, however," recalls Mr. S. "Old Doc Billhouse found it easier to snip a piece off the customer than adjust the suit." . . . Jerry Nedwick, of Nedwick's Book Store in Chicago, says, "Knowing how you like corn [where did he get a notion like that?] I'm passing on an old vaudeville routine used by Harry Vokes and Hap Ward back in 1902:

Where did you get those pants?
Pantsylvania.
The coat?
North Dacoata.
The Vest?
Vest Virginia.
The collar?
Collarado.
The hat?
Manhattan.
The shirt?
A fellow gave it to me. . . ."



RICHMOND B. WILLIAMS hails "The American Guide" as a "capstone to the superb WPA guidebooks of the Depression." Then he adds this postscript:

> But have you tried to look up any reference to Nantucket or Martha's Vineyard in "The American Guide"? I hope not, for—doubtless by inadvertence—there is nothing on the subject. As a worker in the editorial vineyard who has had his share of gaffs, it is cheering to find that

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other careful workers can come a cropper, even if such delightful spots as Nantucket or Martha's Vineyard have to suffer to prove the point that we all are prone to proof errors or what have you.

I understand that the publishers learned of this disheartening news just after one of the staff at Scribner's, about to go on vacation, thumbed the index and found no entry. Perhaps Trade Winds can persuade Hastings House to let it have the few lines, doubtless prepared, so that those of us who've bought the book can paste their comment into our copies. . . . [Editor's Note: *Hastings House has anticipated you, Mr. Williams. Their pamphlet is available on request.*]

HARRY BIRDOFF, gathering material for his book about Uncle Tom shows, "The World's Greatest Hit," ran across what he believes to be the very first shaggy-dog story. I think he's wrong and that the origin I cited in "Try and Stop Me" is the correct one but Mr. Birdoff's amusing letter is hereby quoted in full:

> The dogs that chased poor Eliza across the ice in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" became so famous during the heyday of our folkplay that they often received complimentary press notices. There were wonderful stories told about them and, of course, the shaggy-dog stories were the result, as witness this one, *circa* the 1880's:
>
> One day an actor, who had the part of Lawyer Marks, strolled into a saloon with the mainstay of the show on a leash. He had some ventriloquial ability. He set the canine on the bar and fed it a pretzel. The bartender stared upon hearing the dog's basso profundo: "Give me another pretzel!"
>
> The actor apostrophized, "Ah!" and carried it off further, "a mere matter of correct, scientific methods in adapting the animal to these unwonted tasks." He then confided, "This dog is not as bright as we had expected, and our Tom Show is considering his disposal."
>
> The bartender was willing enough to trade two bottles of whiskey for such a talking dog. Meanwhile the animal kept protesting in the whining manner of Uncle Tom, "Don't sell me, mas'r! Oh, pray, don't sell me!"
>
> But the actor ignored the dog's

Girl with Crayon

By Ethel Jacobson

Winter etches acidly
In black on paper-white.
Winter is a willow tree
In the pale night,
A crosshatch of boughs
Where snow lies serene
Till spring comes, a vandal,
And scribbles it with green.

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grandiloquent vow "I'll nebber—nebber speak ag'in!"

When the actor made his departure with the two bottles under his arm the bartender's first command was, "Now—speak!" However, the faithful dog stuck to his vow.

This story is forever popping up. I traced it to the vaudevillian Jim Thornton. But it was also credited to others. And when the movies came along W. C. Fields used it effectively in "Poppy." A raft of shaggy-dog stories—I think you have managed to corral most of them—then swept the country. . . .

FROM MIKE GROSS, who creates 80 per cent of the posters used by the publishing fraternity:

Reading your nostalgic article about Brentano's brought back a few memories of my own.

Did I ever tell you about the time I was called in to do a poster by old man Lieber, who was then advertising manager of Brentano's wholesale department, located right above the Twenty-seventh Street store?

Brentano's had received a manuscript from one of the Senators who helped put over the prohibition law. This oaf had finally seen the error of his ways and written a book showing the folly of trying to legislate people into goodness. His hero was a composite of all the snoopers who ever lived and his title for the book was "The Great American Ass."

Lieber showed me a dummy with a preliminary jacket design around it. I said I didn't like the title. Most people, I contended, would feel embarrassed asking for it. Lieber laughed at me.

"Let's put it to a test," I challenged. "You've got half a dozen bright girls in the outer office. Call one in and ask her opinion." So Lieber went to the door and called out: "Miss Horan, will you please come in here for a moment?"

Miss Horan came in. Lieber stood the book up on his desk in front of her. "We're a little worried about this title," he explained, "and would like to have your opinion. You needn't hesitate if you don't like it," he added. "This is not a printed jacket. It is merely a preliminary sketch that can very easily be changed."

Miss Horan studied the jacket for a long moment. Then she spoke up boldly.

"It isn't a bad title," she finally said, "but I think it would be much better if that last word was changed to 'behind.'"

So they called the book "A Fool in His Generation"—and it didn't sell anyhow.

Mike's letter reminds me that Ken McCormick, of Doubleday, once suggested a whole column about the frequently absurd "retitling" sessions indulged in by publishers' "brain trusts" who never think authors' own titles "have enough selling punch." I have a few such stories from my own experiences but I'd like mighty well to receive some more.

—BENNETT CERF.

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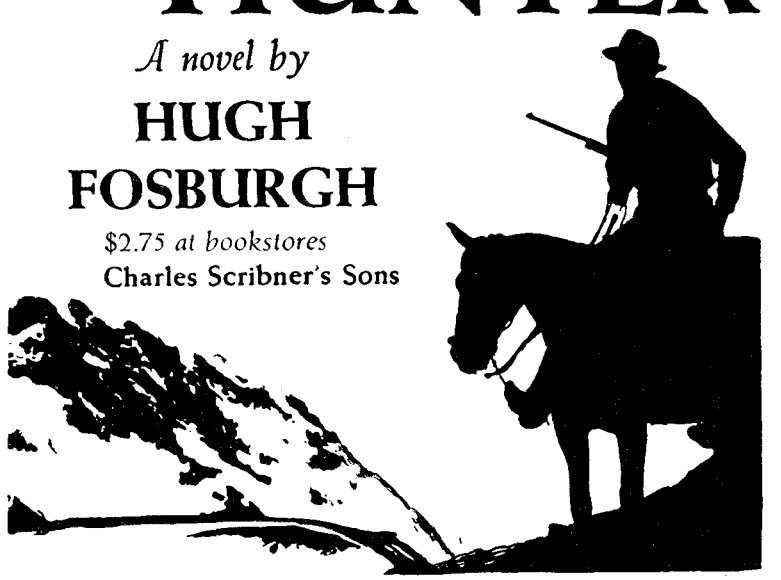

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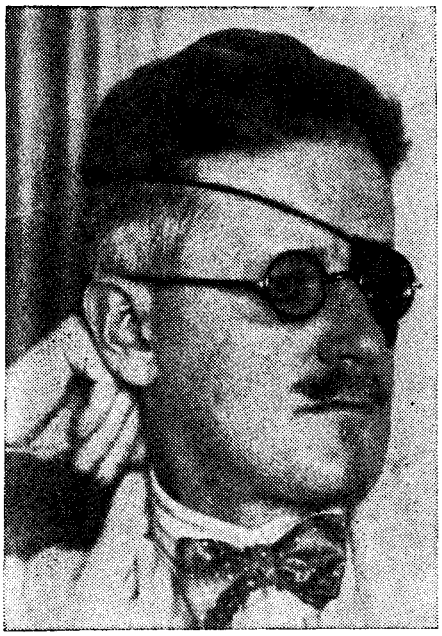
The Saturday Review of Literature

They Think They Know Joyce

OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY



James Joyce—"on the backside of beauty he would inscribe his name."

Oliver St. John Gogarty: ". . . if the writing proved to be indelible, all the better."

WE WERE young, we were merry in our salad days in Dublin. There were James Joyce, John Elwood (we called him "the Citizen," an ebullient, tangential fellow with quizzical, dancing eyes and a lovely mouth, whose favorite adjective was "terrific!"), and myself.

Opposite the National Library, where we met, was the National Museum with a curved colonnade. Its hall was circular and decorated by nude plaster casts, somewhat larger than life, of the famous statues of antiquity. One afternoon Joyce confronted Elwood as we gathered at our usual meeting place. He assumed an air of very great gravity as he was wont to do when about to perpetrate a joke.

"It has come to my notice, Citizen," he said solemnly, "that this morning between the hours of ten-thirty and eleven, you inscribed your name in lead pencil on the backside of the Venus of Cnidus. Are there any extenuating reasons that may be cited in your defense?"

"He's terrific," said the Citizen when we talked about it afterward. "He's a great artist. Terrific."

In the Dublin use of the word "artist" lies the key to James Joyce: the explanation of how this contradictory character, who in his early days knew beauty so well, became chief of the apostles of confusion and ugliness, the leader of the decadents.

In Dublin "artist" does not denote one who is devoted to painting or any of the arts. In Dublin an "artist" is a merry droll, a player of hoaxes. In Dublin if you went to a fancy-dress ball attired as a bird and laid an egg that exploded, you would be an "artist"; if you bought a ham in the morning, paid for it, left it hanging outside the store until the rush hour, and then ran off, carrying it under your arm, with the police in hot pursuit, you would be an "artist" of the first category.

I wonder what all the worshipers of Joyce would say if they realized that they had become the victims of a gigantic hoax, of one of the most enormous leg-pulls in history.

Floods of nonsense have been poured on James Joyce by those who know nothing about Dublin. The authors of these learned treatises see significances and palimpsests, connections with the nine months' gestation of the human embryo and the development of the earth, as well as parodies of authors appropriate to the theme.

I think with sorrow of the Joyce worshipers. Perhaps when we consider that their enthusiasm is the measure of their ignorance it would be folly to try to enlighten them. But when they pretend that Joyce and they are inventors of something new and unprecedented in literature, "a new speech dimension" as one gentleman, C. Giedion-Welcker, calls it, our indulgence ceases. Here is a specimen of what Mr. Giedion-Welcker so admires in Joyce: "He had already woven various word jokes about Zurich into the section concerning 'Anna Livia Plurabelle.' 'Well, that's the Limmat' (for limit), 'You don't say the silly-post?' (for Sihlpost), and 'legging a jig or so on the sihl. . . . There's the bell for Sexaloitez. . . .'" A new speech dimension? It is infantile. Mairsy Doats! As Jung put it:

> [I] read it ["Ulysses"] from the end backwards. This proved to be as good a way as the usual one, for it has no forwards and no backwards, no top and no bottom. Everything could as well have been so before, or might easily still become so in the future . . . the entire work reminds us of the bisected worm that can grow a new tail and a new head where they are needed. We are in doubt whether we are dealing with a physical or with a transcendental tapeworm. In itself the tapeworm is a whole living cosmos —and it is fabulously procreative. This, it seems to me, is an unbeautiful though hardly an unfitting comparison for Joyce's chapters. It is true that the tapeworm can produce nothing but other tapeworms, yet it can produce them in inexhaustive quantities.

When we think of anyone hailing "Ulysses" and "Finnegans Wake" as

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all the world's erudition in disguise, the question of the sanity, or even of the literacy, of the Joyce enthusiast arises. It is said that there are only 600 in a generation whom Nature has equipped with the necessary apparatus for perceiving the beauty of poetry. Joyce was preeminently equipped. He had a "nose like a rhinoceros for literature," as Juvenal said about the long-haired boys in Rome. His repertory was prodigious; he was familiar with every line of the masters of English poetry and prose. His love of beauty, his capability, and his unerring taste resulted in his little book of poems "Chamber Music," composed when he was about nineteen, which contains all that he wished to keep of his visions of youth and loveliness.

What happened to cause him to produce "Ulysses," a triumph of ugliness and chaos and ineffectuality?

There was a small publishing firm in Dublin whose manager burned a whole edition of "Dubliners"—all but one copy, which he allowed Joyce to take with him to the Continent. He claimed that "Dubliners" contained an offensive reference to the King, which was unlikely, seeing that Joyce received a grant from the King's Privy Purse long before he established a place for himself in literature. This was the unkindest cut of all, coming on the top of failure to obtain employment or even food. The persecution complex was supplied. Something broke in Joyce: to Maunsell's firm and to the slum-stricken town he said, "A pox on both your houses." He fled to Flushing in Holland, whence he sent two abusive poems to his acquaintances. He admitted no one to his friendship. Henceforth it was to be James Augustine Joyce against the world.

He had come to consider all Dubliners his enemies. The last time he visited that city he called on me in Ely Place. He looked out at my garden, which was in all the beauty of blossom.

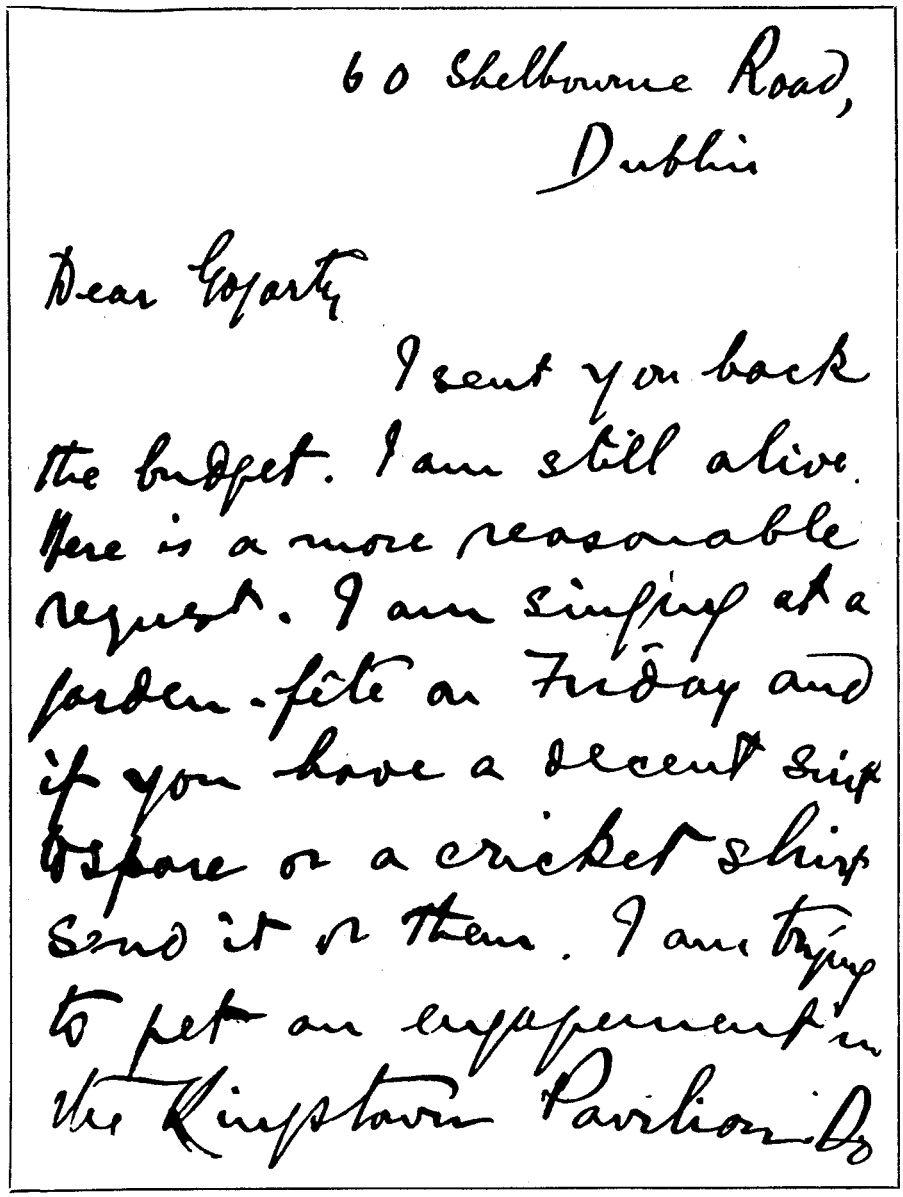
"Is this your revenge?" he asked.

"Revenge on whom?" I inquired.

"The public, of course," he said.

He was the most predamned soul I have ever encountered.

FROM Flushing I received a postcard with a photograph of Joyce dressed to resemble Arthur Rimbaud. Rimbaud's revolution against established canons made him a god to Joyce. We must not leave Rimbaud out of the reckoning; if we do, we will fail to understand the influences that fashioned Joyce. Rimbaud, disgusted with mankind, had withdrawn from the world. The logical end was for him to withdraw from all authorship because his kind of private writing would lead only to talking to himself. Joyce did not withdraw, so he ended by listening to himself talking in his sleep—"Finnegans Wake." The Greeks have a name for such private persons—*idiotes*.


60 Shelbourne Road,
Dublin

Dear Gogarty

I sent you back the budget. I am still alive. Here is a more reasonable request. I am singing at a garden-fête on Friday and if you have a decent shirt to spare or a cricket shirt send it or them. I am trying to get an engagement in the Kingstown Pavilion by

From Joyce to Gogarty in the Dublin days—an "enormous leg pull."

Dublin had proved itself to be sterile: his publishing ventures had been disastrous. With his persecution complex now uppermost, he decided he would put down all that he felt about the futility of life, the meaningless days of Everyman, all the ugliness of human existence. Above all, he would record the boredom of life in the cracked mirror of "Ulysses" with its preposterous and factitious parallel to Homer's fairy tale. He would depict a world open at both ends wherein nothing happened, though everything was just about to happen, and all would hurry on in a senseless, chaotic cataract. He would hold up a mirror to a Dublin that had come to nothing.

In future he would give the world the obverse side of the medal, the gargoyle and the grotesque, instead of anything that might exalt and beautify life. He would write so that all who run might read all that Dublin offered to him. On the backside of beauty he would inscribe his name. If the writing proved to be indelible, all the better.

About this time the obscene bulk of Gertrude Stein appeared. She began making nonsense of the language and presenting the potpourri to a public which could be reached by people of her sort who controlled the avenues of publicity. "A Portrait of Mabel Dodge at the Villa Curona" appeared about 1907. It stated among other messages that "blankets are warmer in the summer: the explicit visit: there has been William."

Joyce moved to Trieste. Here for a dozen years he labored at "Ulysses" without any hope of its ever seeing the light. From what used to be thieves' argot—"Elephants' trunks" for "drunk" and then for "drunk" simply

(*Continued on page 35*)

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The World. *Yesterday, in Hyde Park, New York, the papers of Franklin D. Roosevelt were formally opened for study by qualified students. A selection of these and other documents pertaining to his third Administration were recently published by Harper's in four stout volumes, which are reviewed on the next page by Karl Schriftgiesser. Another source for information on the twelve tumultuous years during which Roosevelt was President are the memoirs of his close associates. The latest and certainly one of the most important of them is Admiral William D. Leahy's "I Was There," which Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., discusses below. The world we live in today is the child of the Rooseveltian era, and to understand it one must be acquainted with books such as these.*

Sea Dog at Roosevelt's Right Arm

I WAS THERE. By Fleet Admiral William D. Leahy. New York: Whittlesey House. 527 *pp.* $4.

By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

ADMIRAL William D. Leahy, the grizzled old sea dog who sat at Roosevelt's right arm during the grim days of World War II, has finally succumbed to the prevailing fashion and written his volume of memoirs. "I Was There" is adapted from the war notes made by Leahy at the time. Part of it, however, has been converted into a narrative written from the vantage point of the present, part remains in a quasi-diary form, and the result is something of a hodge-podge without any unified literary flavor or impact. "I Was There" does not come near, for example, to the solidity and distinction of Henry L. Stimson's "On Active Service." Yet, without contributing any startling revelations or even any very significant insights, the Leahy book does offer valuable sidelights on Roosevelt's attempts to solve the problems of war and peace.

The friendship between Roosevelt and Leahy went back to World War I. The President's fondness for the Admiral puzzled many others in the Roosevelt circle, particularly the New Dealers. Leahy, as he admits, was "of a conservative mind," and had "little liking" for many of FDR's domestic policies. "Bill, politically you belong in the Middle Ages," the President would josh him. But, for all that, Leahy appealed to a side of Roosevelt which the New Dealers may well have underestimated: the profound love for the sea, for ships, and for the strategy and tactics of war. And FDR undoubtedly valued Leahy's nautical bluffness and candor. The Admiral's advice, if often ignored, was almost always frank and, in a personal sense, disinterested. Leahy served Roosevelt as Chief of Naval Operations and as Governor of Puerto Rico before FDR sent him to Vichy as U.S. Ambassador.

"I Was There" begins with a narration and defense of the U.S. policy towards Vichy in an appendix. Admiral Leahy does historians a particular service by reprinting a selection of his letters to Roosevelt from Vichy. Most students today would agree that the Vichy policy was correct in its essential framework, but would wonder whether, within that framework, Leahy and the State Department could not have done more to encourage French resistance. Leahy's account does indeed suggest that he was perhaps **more indulgent of** Vichy than a policy of minimal correctness would have required though he was far from being as favorable to Pétain as contemporary attacks on him sought to suggest. Still, his attitude towards the French Resistance is indicative. "These underground people would slip in to see me occasionally," he writes, "because they thought I was on their side. Sometimes they practically forced themselves on me." They did not seem to Leahy to have "the stability, intelligence, and popular standing in their communities" necessary to succeed. The emotions of the De Gaulle and Darlan controversies are still hot in the Admiral's memory. He continues to insist, in spite of the massive evidence collected by British and American intelligence agents, that De Gaulle had no following in France. And he can write of the pro-Gaullist movement in America: "There were some reports that this pressure was being instigated by a group of Jews and Communists in this country who feared Darlan's 'Fascist' attitude." The Admiral seems to have taken such reports with at least a modicum of seriousness, the quotation marks around "Fascist," of course, his own. He is on happier ground after the Vichy episode, when, as Roosevelt's personal Chief of Staff, he shared in the great work of planning the war against Germany and Japan.

He is unreserved in his admiration

—*From the book.*

Marshall, Leahy, FDR, Churchill (front row)—"unreserved admiration for [the] Chief."

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for Roosevelt as Commander-in-Chief. Roosevelt performed "this portion" of his Constitutional duties, Leahy thinks, "with greater skill and ability than any preceding President" and with "greater skill" even than the "gallant and brilliant" Winston Churchill. "To my knowledge," says Leahy of Roosevelt, "he never made a single military decision with any thought of his own political fortunes."

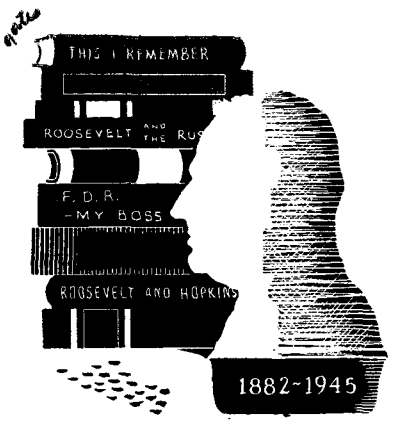
Leahy also had a high regard for his associates on the Joint Chiefs of Staff and for his British colleagues on the Combined Chiefs. "I Was There" adds useful detail to our picture of the military planning of the war. It also throws important light on the development of our relations with the Soviet Union. Leahy was present at Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam, and his persistent suspicion both of the Russians and of the "idealistic" attitudes towards **the peace gives his** general defense of U.S. policies towards the USSR special weight.

On the question of Yalta, he agrees that the Russians appeared exceptionally conciliatory on the political issues and, while disagreeing with the Army belief that Russian participation in the Japanese war was necessary, Leahy fully appreciates Roosevelt's reasons for siding with the Army and making the required concessions to the USSR in the Far East. As for the concessions themselves, they seemed "reasonable" to Leahy. "No one was more surprised than I to see these conditions agreed to at Yalta labeled as some horrendous concessions made by President Roosevelt to an enemy."

On the whole, Leahy's impact on non-military affairs was unfortunate. "Roosevelt once expressed a belief," Leahy disarmingly observes, "that I had no understanding of things political—which was a just estimate"; but just the same Leahy could not keep out of politics. He remained at heart a kind of isolationist, vigorously opposed to the postwar involvement of America in European politics. In service of this conviction Leahy, seconded by Leo Crowley, played the leading role in persuading Truman, over the bitter protest of Fred Vinson and others, to terminate lend-lease at the end of hostilities. This is the action which Truman recently described to Arthur Krock as one of the definite mistakes of his Administration.

"I Was There" ends at Potsdam, omitting the subsequent conflict of the Truman regime. With all its limitations, it is a valuable addition to the mosaic of reminiscence out of which future historians will construct a picture of Franklin D. Roosevelt and of the Second World War.

Our Course in Rooseveltian Education



THE PUBLIC PAPERS AND ADDRESSES OF FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, 1941-1945. *Edited with explanatory notes by Samuel I. Rosenman. Vol. X, The Call to Battle Stations.* 632 *pp. Vol. XI, Humanity on the Defensive.* 552 *pp. Vol. XII, The Tide Turns.* 593 *pp. Vol. XIII, Victory and the Threshold of Peace.* 634 *pp. New York: Harper & Bros.* $40 *the set.*

By KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER

THERE have been times in our history when the only possible way to describe the collected public papers of our Presidents—Millard Fillmore, Warren G. Harding, Herbert Hoover come readily to mind—is to say they have been safely embalmed between covers. This is not so in the case of Franklin D. Roosevelt. There are two good reasons for this. One, of course, is the tremendously vital character of the man who wrote them, or caused them to be written. The other is Judge Rosenman.

This is the third collection of FDR's official public papers. The first two covered the years from 1928, when the New Deal was being conceived, through 1940, when the shadow of war first loomed over the Washington Monument. These take him from the Fourth Inaugural through the speech he wrote for delivery on Jefferson Day, April 13, 1945, which he did not live to deliver and which ended with these words written in longhand by FDR: "The only limit to our realization of tomorrow will be our doubts of today. Let us move forward with strong and active faith."

All of these thirteen volumes were edited by Judge Samuel I. Rosenman, who first came to the Roosevelt political entourage in those brave days when the New Deal, as then unnamed, was in the making, and who was still working for him aboard the *U.S.S. Quincy* when he returned, a worn-out but still hopeful statesman, from the conference at Yalta. With insight, patience, and scholarly fidelity, Judge Rosenman has assembled the data (or most of it), given it final and lasting form (including most of FDR's famous "ad libs"), and presented a series of explanatory notes (*vide* his excellent summary of the achievements, compromises, and defeats at Yalta) which will win him the praise of historians for years to come.

Back in 1932 Governor Roosevelt traveled to San Francisco and told the Commonwealth Club: "Government includes the art of formulating a policy and using the political technique to attain so much of that policy as will receive general support—persuading, leading, sacrificing, teaching always, because the greatest duty of a statesman is to educate."

There in great measure is the essence of Roosevelt. His daring attempt as a statesman to educate the American people in the uses of democracy—a word he understood intuitively—while giving them pragmatic examples of his philosophy in action, is implicit in the speeches, memoranda, directives, messages, and press conferences which make up the body of these books.

Late in 1943 Roosevelt told the White House correspondents that Dr. New Deal had been supplanted by Dr. Win-the-War. This rather cute—but typically Rooseveltian — analogy deeply disturbed many supporters of Roosevelt and his program. They felt that he was saying, in effect, that the New Deal was dead and that he was done with it. He was almost completely preoccupied with winning the war. But a reading of the final volumes of these papers and addresses do not support the theory of complete abandonment. Whenever, and it is often, he mentions his plans for the peace, whether in the United States or in one of Mr. Churchill's well-guarded colonies, the spirit of "persuading, leading, sacrificing, and educating," shines forth. Had he lived to complete his fourth term the evidence in these papers shows that Dr. New Deal would have been called back.

Early in 1944, in his message on the state of the Union, he reminded the people, "We have come to a clear realization that true individual freedom cannot exist without economic security and independence. 'Necessitous men are not free men.' People who are hungry and out of a job are the stuff of which dictatorships are made."

We have become accustomed to listening to accusations of Roosevelt's shiftiness and lack of consistency and direction. In some historically unimportant measures these are perhaps true. We have also listened long to those who say he came to the White

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House without a chart and sailed "by guess and by God" throughout the stormy seas. To all these accusations his official words give the lie. The America which he inherited — after twelve years of desperate and dismal misrule—needed the education of statesmanship which he had promised in 1932. The books for his teaching were not always available and so, being a true American and therefore a pragmatist, he had to teach by precept.

This was as true in the days just before Pearl Harbor and after we were in the war as it was when he was salvaging the wreck of economic disaster in the 1930's or taming the Supreme Court or beating off the forces of economic royalism at the polls in 1936 and 1940.

These volumes — all aptly titled: "The Call to Battle Stations," "Humanity on the Defensive," "The Tide Turns," and "Victory and the Threshold of Peace"—continue the course in Rooseveltian education. They show the great problems he had to confront, not the least of which was educating his domestic enemies in the ways of winning a war that, as the record shows, no President could have avoided. The topics range from purely political addresses—such as his immortal "Fala Speech" to the teamsters—to his magnificent discussion of his plans for the development of postwar scientific research and development.

As Judge Rosenman says in his introduction to the final volume, these papers "reflect the President's leadership on the war front and the home front, his domestic liberalism and his superb mastery of political campaigning." (His 1944 campaign speeches are among his best.) But they show, almost cruelly it seems today, how precise and detailed were his plans for lasting peace. His theme was always "Unless there is security here at home there cannot be lasting peace in the world."

While helping to direct the annihilation of Hitler, Mussolini, and Hirohito, while cooperating (but with a wary eye) with Stalin and with Churchill (whose Toryness often dismayed him) FDR did not forget the political and economic elements of Dr. New Deal's little black bag. He knew its contents because he had put them there and if those doses had, in his own time, come to seem a little old-fashioned he had not forgotten their homely efficacy. He would have used them again and again and again if he had lived—and as Seward Avery learned in one of the most stinging rebukes in American history, which is preserved for all to read in these beautifully printed and marvelously indexed books.

Three Worlds or One

THE NINE LIVES OF EUROPE. By Leo Lania. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 278 pp. $3.50.

By Edgar Ansel Mowrer

THIS seems to me the most acute of the many studies of that continent made by American reporters since World War II. This is due to the fact that the author knows so thoroughly what he is talking about.

As a born European, he feels the reactions of the people even when they are not free to express them to him—unlike certain other reporters who have swallowed what the new ministries of information were dishing out. As a political reporter, Mr. Lania brought back accurate impressions of the countries he visited. As a writer, formerly active both in the theatre and in the movies, he caught the intellectual tone of the places he visited.

The result is a short book, easy to read, impressionistic, and disturbing. For though Mr. Lania's blurb writer quotes him as confessing that he "remains an optimist," there is nothing in "The Nine Lives of Europe" to justify that optimism. Quite the contrary.

Europe, Lania confirms, has gone some way toward economic recovery. France is fairly well off. But the people of France are spiritually sick. They no longer believe in anything, and life has little meaning. They take out some of their bitterness in blaming America. Italy is somewhat better off. But even there the hostility of British Socialists and the political pressure by the Vatican have brought about a "crisis of faith."

The people behind the Iron Curtain now mostly hate the new tyranny even if they welcomed it at first. In Poland economic recovery is, however, notable. But there is trouble ahead for the new Polish rulers, both with their persistently Polish-minded people and with their Russian masters. Germany is a festering wound "whose future will be decided in Berlin."

Austria and Britain convince the author that a strong social democracy is the greatest barrier to Communism. Mr. Lania gives a somewhat more favorable picture of Great Britain under Socialism than most Americans manage to see. He thinks the Labor Party has done magnificently except in one respect: it is preventing the unity of Europe.

Here is one more serious student who has reached the conclusion that a European federation is a prerequisite to world peace. A Europe, united and Socialist, would, he thinks, prevent a European civil war, and lead the Continent toward a new faith.

The last part of the book, which Lania calls "America's Task," is a plea for intelligent political warfare on the part of the United States. Here he wobbles a little between the need for measures that would definitely block the spread of Communism and the hope that sooner or later blocking Stalin will lead to some sort of an agreement with Stalin on reasonable terms. The cold war, as he defines it, has led to a sort of stalemate. To break this he would have us offer to neutralize and demilitarize Germany and unite Europe. I do not believe that he thinks the Soviet Union would accept. But it would be fine if it did and worth something if it didn't, since we should have convinced Europe that we want something positive. Three worlds, he feels, would be better than the present two worlds, though one world would be better than three.

Here we come to the nub of what the author has to say. How much value has his prescription? That the United States has failed to wage political warfare or adequately to make clear all over the world the deep love of peace that animates our policy is clear. But we have steadily worked for a united Europe and certainly have no objection to seeing Europe restored and prosperous as a "Third Force" independent of both the United States and Russia. If we have failed the fault has lain in Moscow, not in Washington.

Mr. Lania will object—I have argued with him for hours—that Europe must be Socialist if it is to unite as a barrier to Communism. The U. S. should posi-

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 352

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 352 will be found in the next issue.

ABRDZBYX WBZ EFZ

XWGUEHWBM RN EFZ

KGEHKEKRGX. ZOZBXRG

—GWEHBZ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 351

It is easy to condemn with a laugh.
—Juvenal-Satires.

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MARSHALL PLAN EUROPEAN NATIONS
NOW LET'S TRY TO GET TOGETHER!
TALES OF HOFFMAN
PAST LACK OF COOPERATION
OLD TRADE BARRIERS
TRADITIONS OF EUROPEAN RIVALRY

—*Collins in* The Montreal Gazette.

"The Symphony."

—*Alexander in* The Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Trying to Distract."

—*Swiggett in* The San Francisco Chronicle.

"The Saboteur."

tively have promoted Socialism in Germany, etc.

Maybe so. Maybe not. The United States has certainly supported Socialist Britain—to the disgust of many in the American Congress. The United States supported the French Socialists. But suppose the majority in Western Europe do not want Socialism. Is the United States to force it upon them?

These are difficult problems on whose solution the future of free society may well depend.

Dealings with the Kremlin in Asia

AMERICAN-RUSSIAN RELATIONS IN THE FAR EAST. By Pauline Tompkins. New York: The Macmillan Co. 426 pp. $5.

By Tyler Dennett

IT IS difficult to write about the Far East objectively, for the facts themselves tend to stir the emotions deeply. And yet to present this sad chapter of history merely as the triumph of stupidity over wisdom or the victory of sin over righteousness obscures, not illuminates, the facts. Pauline Tompkins, a competent scholar and indefatigable student, keeping her sympathies well in hand, has given us in this book a most commendable study of the entire course of American relations with Russia with implications which extend far beyond Eastern Asia. She has a fresh angle on an old political problem and writes with a literary skill none too common among historians. Her book is easy, delightful, and provocative reading.

Dr. Tompkins does not like the old stereotypes so often accepted for the Far East. For example: the alleged Russo-American "friendship" of the nineteenth century was, in fact, a little chapter in power-politics in which the friendship vanished the moment the American Government reached an understanding with Russia's rival, England, and the Russians and Americans faced one another across the borders of Manchuria. Similarly waxed and waned the friendship of the United States and Japan. The Open Door and Integrity of China policies, far from being American philanthropies, were answers to the gathering threats that the United States might be excluded from most favored-nation treatment in a very large area. The success of these policies, where they did succeed, was due less to the "purely rhetorical diplomacy" of the United States than to whatever support they received from the European powers, which was not much. The non-recognition of the USSR for sixteen long years was, in Dr. Tompkins's view, not so much virtuous as costly to the peace of the Far East since it made impossible any cooperative opposition to Japan in Northeastern Asia. However, to sustain this last thesis it would seem to be necessary to assume good faith on the part of the USSR such as had not appeared in her dealings with China. And, even when altruism is discarded as a motive in Sino-American relations, there remains the fact that usually the policies which the American Government adopted to preserve or extend its influence in China were more beneficial to the latter than the existing alternatives. As for Yalta, shocking as it was from an ethical viewpoint, the facts are not yet all in and it is rarely profitable to speculate on what would have happened if something else had or had not happened.

There is about "American-Russian Relations in the Far East" a gentle and wholesome iconoclasm such as is likely to flavor all good historical books. As for the opinions advanced, the reader can take them or leave them—the reviewer takes most of them—and still have the best factual review which has yet appeared on a very important segment of American foreign relations. There are not enough footnotes to annoy the general reader, but the bibliography is all that any serious student can reasonably demand.

The late Tyler Dennett served as professor of international relations at Princeton and as president of Williams College. He wrote "Americans in Eastern Asia," "Roosevelt and the Russo-Japanese War," and other books.

World Notes

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MODERN WORLD POLITICS, by Walter Theimer. Rinehart. $5. The newest trend in book publishing seems to be upon us. As the wave of anthologies on this or that recedes, we are now being deluged by encyclopedias of that or this. Mr. Theimer, whose knowledge of the immense subject of world politics may or may not be encyclopedic, contributes to the trend with 696 pages. He begins with the Aaland Islands, that strategic hotspot off Finland now very much in the news, and he ends with Zog I, former king of Albania, who will most probably never be in the news again. Between these alphabetical extremes he briefly discusses "the political terms, systems, trends, problems, and watchwords of the contemporary world." He also includes vignettes of the politico-economic systems in almost every country and brief summaries of the ideas of mankind's principal political thinkers. Unfortunately, his omissions are sometimes as questionable as his inclusions; for instance, he allots Burnham, James, of "managerial revolution" fame, almost a page but says nary a word about Wilson, Woodrow, a man of some importance in shaping today's world and its politics. Unfortunately, too, in those little matters of fact on which you expect an encyclopedia to be informative or at least to settle arguments,

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this one goes frequently awry. It holds that President Truman, presumably in his Senatorial days, "used to be reckoned as a conservative," whereas the record amply demonstrates that he was a moderate New Dealer and an Administration wheel-horse. As another example, the few paragraphs on the Republic of Cuba contain no less than five factual errors and two questionable interpretations.

INDUSTRY IN LATIN AMERICA, by George Wythe. Columbia University Press. $5. Mr. Wythe, who might be described as an old Latin America hand, looks to an "increase of manufacturing efforts" in the Americas South "as a base for larger population and greater national wealth, power, and prestige." This optimistic viewpoint pervades his entire book; but because it conveys to the reader a straightforward picture of industrialization in the twenty Latin American republics and/or dictatorships, this work can by no stretch of the imagination be interpreted as a piece of salesmanship by a man hipped on his material. Rather, Mr. Wythe deals in precise facts and the soundest statistics to come out of an unstatistically minded portion of the globe. He ties these together in decently readable, well-organized chapters that survey the region country by country and as a whole. Apparently, he neglects nothing. He is informative about woolen mills in Bolivia and soft-drink factories in Haiti, in addition to covering such standard items as Cuban sugar, Venezuelan oil, Brazilian coffee, and the like. This book should provide valuable program notes to diplomats, administrators, Congressmen, ordinary citizens, and those who hope to profit in terms of the dollar, cruzeiro, and peso. —PETER R. LEVIN.

Fiction. *After a long absence the people along the banks of the St. Lawrence River come to life in fiction this week in two Canadian novels. Germaine Guevremont's "The Outlander" is a minor classic built on the lives of sturdy and prosperous farmers whose French ancestors settled near Quebec. In violent contrast, the wretched and diseased fishermen and cannery workers who live at the mouth of the river, in Joy Davidman's "Weeping Bay," suffer under the tyranny of owners and a faithless priest. "The Diplomat," by James Aldridge, deals with the other side of the world; its scenes are laid in a remote Persian province and in Moscow. Richard Cargoe's "The Tormentors" is a controversial story about the commandant of a Russian concentration camp who quails before his victims' superior faith. There are two fine short-story volumes: Nathaniel Benchley's "Side Street" and Angus Wilson's "The Wrong Set."*

Stranger at the St. Lawrence

THE OUTLANDER. By Germaine Guevremont. New York: Whittlesey House. 290 *pp.* $3.

By HARRISON SMITH

OCCASIONALLY a Canadian novel invades our bookstores to remind us that we do not hold the copyright to North American literary talent. Germaine Guevremont's "The Outlander," now translated from the French, reveals a mature novelist of exceptional merit who has for years known and loved the sturdy people whose ancestors settled along the banks of the St. Lawrence River near Quebec.

For generations the Beauchemins of Miss Guevremont's novel had lived on the ancient farm buildings at Monk's Inlet, had raised their crops, hunted duck and wild geese, and had brought up sturdy sons to carry on the tradition of French tenacity and frugality. But at the opening of this century, when her story begins, the father of the tribe was carrying on with his aging muscles, a weak and complaining son, and a daughter-in-law who was put to shame by every hard-working farm wife in the parish.

The Beauchemins and the other farming *habitants* of the countryside resembled the narrow-minded peasantry of Europe. There was another strain that had come from France, the adventurous woodsmen, trappers, and hunters, who might if there had been enough of them have made Canada a colony of France. One day a tall, virile young man stopped at Beauchemin's farm for shelter and food and stayed for many months. He called himself The Stranger and would give no other name. He was the image of the son Didace should have had to lean on in his old age. A tireless worker, a gifted wood carver, mechanic, and farmer, he restored the old buildings and brought back the abundance of its earlier days. His stories of adventures around the world enlivened dull evenings but were listened to with the hostility and contempt of settlers for the roving outlander. Furthermore, he was a fighter and a man who loved strong drink for its own sake. If The Stranger had stayed he could have had a farmer's daughter for a wife, prosperity, and children to follow him. But one morning he was missing from his bed and he left no word or trace of where he had gone.

It is this conflict between the dual nature of man, the adventurer and the landholder, that raises this book above the familiar nostalgic novels of primitive farming communities. Few people in this mechanical age could long endure so close and unrelieved a contact with the elemental facts of life, or could enjoy nature's bounties and savage blows in complete isolation from the rest of the world. The book has the fascination of a legendary way of life that has been lost to Americans, except in remote corners of the land, during the course of only half a century.

Today it would be hard to tolerate the ingrown suspicion and greed of most of the author's characters. In times of disaster they came to the help of their neighbors and their piety and endurance were among the brighter aspects of their hard natures. Men and women like the dwellers at Monk's Inlet are doubtless the salt of the earth, but without the false thread of romanticism with which too many authors embroider their stories of primitive living the reader may find that the foot-loose outlander was right to leave them to the seasons and to their hard and unremitting toil.

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On the Way Up or Down

THE WRONG SET, And Other Stories. By Angus Wilson. New York: William Morrow & Co. 239 pp. $3.

By Rosemary Carr Benét.

THESE are very good short stories. I was surprised at how good they are, for I did not know the author's name. I was even more surprised to read that he has worked since 1937 on the staff of the British Museum Library, for that staid atmosphere is not reflected here. It is only fair to warn that the stories are not always pleasant ones. If you are squeamish you may object to some of the emotions for there is a queer, morbid vein running through them, but I doubt if you will forget them. Angus Wilson has been compared to Saki—"the sudden round-the-corner surprise of Saki"—and at least one story here reminded me of Katherine Mansfield's method. His writing is his own but like Saki's and Mansfield's it is marked by sharp detail and a keen eye and ear. The emotional content is high. I thought I was a case-hardened reader, but I felt a pricking and my hair standing on end over one called "Raspberry Jam," about a little boy who has tea with two crazy ladies—insane-crazy.

The stories often have a savage intensity and Mr. Wilson can write with equal knowledge and accuracy about a professor of English poetry at Oxford or a pianist in a London night club. The background is very English; that is, what is called the frame of reference, is English. We get things like "her mind was intent upon the cultivation of a Knightsbridge exterior with a Kensington purse," which needs to be interpreted for us, but, on the other hand, the human values translate well. A case in point is "Union Reunion," the story that reminded me of Katherine Mansfield. It has a South African setting—Mr. Wilson has lived in South Africa—but it centers about an English family group. In this terrible picture of a family reunion the details are undoubtedly accurately African, the "crimson bougainvillea and the boundless panorama of the Umgeni valley," but the emotions are universal. We have the American equivalent of that family, just as we have the counterpart of the London night club. In general these stories are about people on their rapid way up or down the ladder of fame, beauty, social success, academic prestige, sexual normality, and, in one case at least, of sanity. Almost always we are concerned with the loss of the quality.

This is brilliant, bitter work. It is sophisticated and can sometimes be horrifying. It is also fresh and skilful and full of excellent dialogue. Four of the thirteen stories have come out in magazines, according to the credit line here; three in *Horizon* and one in *The Listener*. I should think other magazines searching for new discoveries in this vein might look this way. Though he has been well received in England, this is the author's first appearance here. It will be interesting to see what Mr. Wilson does next, which way his violent talent veers.

Triumphant Tortured

THE TORMENTORS. By Richard Cargoe. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 250 pp. $3.

By Nathan L. Rothman

THERE are many things one can say of this novel: that it was written earnestly and often in religious fervor, that it derives much of its strength from an intense faith in the strength of the human spirit and its inviolability against whatever excesses of violence may be directed against it, that it states again in shocking modern terms the old mystical paradox of Emerson's poems on "Brahma":

> If the red slayer thinks he slays
> Or if the slain thinks he is slain—

For this is a tale—perhaps a parable—of a modern concentration camp and of the terrible and intricate relationship between the camp commandant and his charges. You might wish to say "and his victims"—yet such is not the writer's intent, for he has bent all of his fervor toward giving life to that same paradox of Emerson's. It is the red slayer who is being slain, at least in spirit and peace of mind, and it is the slain, or tortured, who triumph. In service of this conviction Mr. Cargoe has recounted the experiences of a company of Russians in a Soviet camp, under the direct surveillance of the commandant, Kuvdriavtsev. They have faith at their command, wholeness of soul, the vision of God, the sense of ultimate peace and wisdom, all of these to wrap about themselves like insulation against the ferocity of their captors. And Kuvdriavtsev, in the presence of their superior moral power, shrivels visibly. He grows bitter and unhappy, he wishes to protect them against the men under his own command, and he looks desperately to his own rigid code of values for the comfort that is not in it. They—the captives—are the tormentors and he is the victim.

It is a thesis that is far from satisfying. There is no question of Mr. Cargoe's ardent mysticism or of its validity as a literary theme. Yet its present expression must raise some doubts in the mind of the informed reader, if not actual revulsion. I refer to the informed reader who has read the documents and the first-hand accounts and the trial records, and seen the pictures, and who upon these bases has been faced with certain realistic truths about the capacity of man to torment, gladly or otherwise, the capacity of other men to suffer in pain and degradation. Here now is an imaginative

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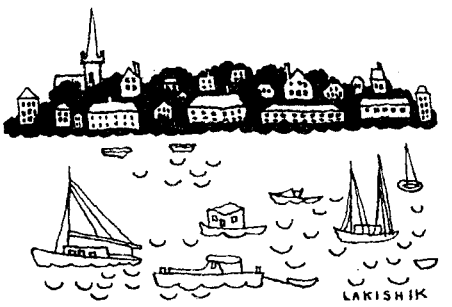
reconstruction of the scene: the captives laugh in their superior wisdom and sing carols of spiritual triumph while the captor cringes before them in bitter loneliness. It is indeed he who has first call upon our pity.

Is this truth? I think we shall search in vain among the White Books and the Black Books or among the tales of the survivors for the figure of the unhappy commandant. And so also for the triumphant, whole spirits of the prisoners in the camps. This seems to me rather an illusive, thumb-sucking victory that we should like to spread over the memory of their cracked bodies. It can be a comfort only to those who believe in it. I think we can best be protected against the actual tormentors by a realization of their actuality: that they do not doubt, that they intend what they do, that they have strength and confidence in the performance of their duty (which only the victims name Crime), and that their victims are very easily passed beyond the little comfort that wisdom and fortitude can offer them. Everything in contemporary history attests to this. How much of respect, then, can we offer to a novel, even as well-meaning as this one, which would by-pass into some surrealist realm of the tormentors and the tormented: the sheep redempt and the self-accusing wolf?

Labor Problems on the Gaspé

WEEPING BAY. By Joy Davidman. New York: The Macmillan Co. 257 pp. $3.

By Ann F. Wolfe



MOVE Tobacco Road far north and set its nightmare world down near the mouth of the scenic St. Lawrence. Change its pitiful humans into fisherfolk and factory hands, its "cracker" speech into French Canadian. You now have an approximate idea of the psychological climate of the novel called "Weeping Bay." There are only 200 factory workers; these get a steady sub-marginal wage and diseased lungs. The rest of Miss Davidman's Gaspésiens eke out an existence on the seasonal catch of cod. Permanently undernourished, hopelessly pincered between the factory owner and the storekeeper, cursed with the mental and physical heritage of inbreeding, the citizens of Weeping Bay have enormous families and embittered hearts.

Nor is their lot sweetened by the spiritual consolations of religion. Their Catholicism seems to run mostly to bingo and prohibition of birth control. Their parish priest is a materialistic hypocrite; his neurotic curate is a sneak and a sadist; the cobbler's son, a visiting missionary, is a blatherskite.

Father Desrosiers, young organizer for the Syndicat des Ouvriers, enters the bleak scene only to devalue any spiritual currency left in the narrow pockets of the Gaspé soul. Why so wavering and inept a man was chosen to establish a trade union among the timorous factory hands is one of the many puzzles in the story. Even a Fuller Brush man rates vocational screening and public-relations training. At any rate, through the good offices of spirited Hervé Kirouac, workers are recruited for the union and clandestine meetings held at Father Desrosiers' headquarters. The wily pastor, of course, gets wind of the anti-capitalist conspiracy and orders his assistant to learn the names of the union members. Through a truly Borgian ruse the curate tricks Kirouac's naive brother-in-law into revealing the names. The factory owner fires the union men; Kirouac is jailed; his brother-in-law drowns himself.

For all the tragedy, the novel ends on a note of hope. Kirouac, who has been estranged from his wife, regains her love. He regains, too, his faith in life, thanks to the kindness of a Protestant lay preacher.

Miss Davidman invests the Gaspé landscape with something of the exaltation that often sets the mood for her poetry. Sadness, rather than compassion, characterizes her treatment of the Weeping Bay populace. Her approach to their religion is the less persuasive for lack of accuracy. Penance, to take one of many misconceptions, is a private matter; it usually consists of brief prayer. Even a monster such as the curate would not subject a penitent, to say nothing of a crippled girl, to public physical torture.

"Weeping Bay" is a distinguished piece of regional writing, but the author's message is by no means clear. We grieve, surely, with the lowly and the innocent who cannot win. Would she have the reader turn against greedy industrialists and ignoble clergymen? He was never on their side. Whatever the answer, she has turned him against codfish for life.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

ANAGRAMMATIC BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Mildred Wallace, of Santa Barbara, Calif. invites you to unscramble the following books and authors. Allowing two points for each answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 31.

1. REJECT HOUSE BUD	MARTHA SHOYD
2. FROTH STREAKED	OLLEPH WAUGH
3. HOW TIE IN PHONE	EMI ALAN
4. TAN LOCKS DAY	DARRYL GUIDPINK
5. OVEN POLISH REST	RAJ THOWOL SYNGH
6. WITH THE GINGER, SUH	MILO TERNBY
7. CON FASTENED THEM	NARRAD WHISCLE
8. TOWED FAR THEY HOWL	LILE GOWAN MCIVER
9. A HOT FLEA BUTTE	FANNIS TOTHJAW
10. A DRY MAN'S THIRST	ELSA RENNEC TRUE
11. A CAPE WANDER	OTELLO YOST
12. ODO ELEVENTH	WAVELY HUGEN
13. ALARM SIRENS	EIREO TOGGLE
14. LIPS HIT TRIBE	ORACLE DOWN
15. MOON JEST	RHINDI ELFYNGE
16. ON WAVY OGRE	SOPHY INGUIT GLOVIER
17. ANVIL PINKWER	GAVIN HINWIG SNORT
18. FEET ECHOING ON CANE	HOWARD INTHET
19. HERALD THE MAY CABIN	SIR QUONDAM
20. HARSH SOB REJOINS DEPTH	NAT MONSHAM
21. CREE BODY NEAR CRAG	DAMOND ST DRONE
22. SILVER HAT	HARRIS CYRIL DEBARSHINEND
23. IF DAWN REDEEMS YRLAN	WAC SOLDIER
24. OAT CAPER SCANDAL ERA	WARREN GOESHBADGER
25. DANTA HATED SEX	THEODORA R KRYP

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Brownstone Buddies

SIDE STREET. By Nathaniel Benchley. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 281 *pp.* $3.

By LEE ROGOW

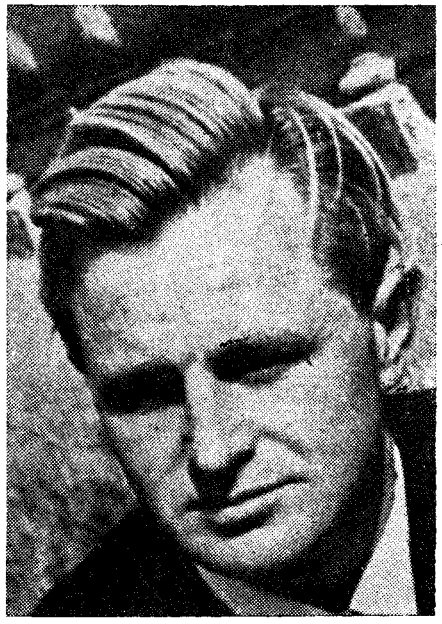
NATHANIEL Benchley's book is a collection of his memoirs on the Allens and the Beldens, two amiable families who occupy adjoining brownstone houses in New York's East Sixties. Not all of these stories first appeared in *The New Yorker*, but the writing and thinking in all of them are of the casual, pleasant, and intelligent variety which *The New Yorker* practically invented. I found them completely delightful and a bystander reported that I bore a warm and foolish smile on my face during the entire time I spent between the covers of the book.

These pieces gain a great deal of strength by being published together. Individually they are diverting enough, but together they make up a gay and perceptive record of young married life in the metropolis. The two memorable characters of the book are James Allen and Charles Belden, heads of the two families in the brownstones, a couple of easy-going gents who can't split a noggin of beer without coming up with a new Project.

These projects include building a house in the branches of the backyard tree, setting up a surplus Army swimming pool in the garden, inflating balloons with helium to trim a Christmas tree, buying exotic Easter presents for their wives, and, when other excitement fails, falling out of a window and breaking a leg. Allen without Belden is a mild-mannered man who works hard and wants little from life but a constant supply of good records and cold beer. But Allen combined with Belden and catalyzed by a couple of shots of Black Label liberates a force as yet unharnessed by physicists. A force like that which built the Suez Canal, drove a golden spike in the Union Pacific, and created a mess in the backyard that a patient wife couldn't manage to clear up in three days.

I liked Allen and Belden a lot. And I also liked Hale, a radio agent whose speech is a wonderful parody of the hep chatter of show business, a kid named Danny, who frightened the pants off me, and an antique dealer who languidly flutters his wings in a Third Avenue shop specializing in bric-a-brac and larceny.

This book goes down like an ice-cream soda, and it's a real pleasure to say to another Benchley, pull up a chair, it's nice to have you with us.



James Aldridge—"a reader will forget he is reading fiction."

Envoys to Azerbaijan

THE DIPLOMAT. By James Aldridge. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 631 *pp.* $3.75.

By WALTER HAVIGHURST

WHEN the plane force-landed in a bleak white Russian field Lord Essex had his first close look at his assistant on the mission that was taking him to Moscow. He saw an independent young Scot, cool, detached, more interested in micropaleontology than in international politics. But MacGregor knew the needed languages—he had grown up in a Russian family in Persia—and he knew Iran as a field geologist and from war service with the Long Range Desert Group. Essex supposed that he could soon bring him to see the delicate and demanding aspects of diplomacy.

There had been a native uprising in Azerbaijan, a remote mountain province of Iran. Essex saw the revolt as Russian-inspired, as a Russian attempt to get a grip on Iran and so to influence all the Arab countries. MacGregor felt that the movement in Azerbaijan was an authentic native revolution. So, as they arrived in Moscow, the two envoys from Britain were divided.

A reader of "The Diplomat" will frequently forget that he is reading fiction. He finds himself in the midst of international rivalries. He sees living historical figures—Molotov answering questions "with his usual rapid impatient clarity," Vishinsky with his thin-lipped smile, and Stalin with his brown eyes "set in calm estimate of the world around him." In Moscow the story moves slowly. There are long discussions between Essex and MacGregor and the officials of the Embassy, baffling, tentative interviews with the Russians, and after-hours explorations of Moscow in company with the restless and forthright young Englishwoman Kathy Clive. When, finally, Stalin suggests that the British make a personal investigation in Azerbaijan Kathy Clive is determined to go along.

In Teheran and the wild mountain passes of Kurdistan Mr. Aldridge's book no longer seems expert reporting. It becomes superb fiction. The clash of political principles narrows into a clash of personal character. Lord Essex believes that in a political situation facts are relative, and MacGregor has a scientist's stubborn objectivity. Kathy Clive veers between criticism of MacGregor's bluntness and naiveté and an impulsive approval of his convictions. On the tortuous trails and in the noisome caravansaries the men respect each other. Essex is a man of charm, skill, and a command of tactics; he is also a man of stamina. MacGregor is independent but he recognizes Essex's strength and Kathy's magnetism.

This long, solid, and important novel is the education of MacGregor in the realities of international relations. Essex is a man impervious to experience

(*Continued on page* 27)

Rain on the Lake

By Walter Benton

THE sky curdles—and the lake, distraught,
crawls . . . climbs the shore in all directions.

The air, downdriven by the lowering ceiling,
is palpable with pine and alive with insects.

Rain comes without a warning thunder,
tumultuous, drowning rain—the cloud tips, waterfalls,

empties.
The last drops fall, white as manna,
big in the sudden sunlight. Under the arched,

spectral canopy, the lake lies placid now,
accomplished—spent as a woman just after labor.

And the hills are green as a watered garden.

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Personal History.

Breathes there a man astonished by the vicissitudes of his own life who has not on occasion said: "I could write a book!"? The authors of the books reviewed below not only expressed the conviction but have proved it. Gladys Hurlbut, who reigned on small-city stages before the movies sealed the doom of stock companies, has written an engaging reminiscence, "Next Week East Lynne!" The most articulate branch of our armed services, the Navy, furnishes two autobiographers: Cmdr. W. J. Lederer, who narrates his escapades up through the ranks in "All the Ship's at Sea," and Eugene E. Wilson, who reports on years as an aircraftsman in "Slipstream." Marjorie Lawrence, the Met diva who refused to let infantile paralysis stop her, tells about it in "Interrupted Melody." J. Alvarez del Vayo chronicles his career as politician, Stalin-admirer, and journalist in "The Last Optimist."

Winning Spurs in Stock

NEXT WEEK EAST LYNNE! By Gladys Hurlbut. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 254 pp. $3.

By Sarah Truax

ONE OF the happiest auguries for the future of the drama is the increasing number of interesting books about the theatre and its people. Even the title of Gladys Hurlbut's highly diverting account provokes nostalgia. However, we cannot but wonder a little if Miss Hurlbut, being but the scant fifty years of age which she acknowledges, actually played "East Lynne" very often.

Miss Hurlbut's story is on the chatty side, liberally sprinkled with wisecracks in the modern vernacular. She knows how to use them. The reader realizes without her reminder, in her final chapter, that she is an experienced writer, that she has an observant eye for colorful details and, in addition, a good reporter's memory. She can tell a story with full appreciation of suspense and dramatic climax.

This book cannot be classified as a biography. There are too many long, unfilled gaps. It is, rather, a series of anecdotes beginning with a lively account of the author's early life and what her father and mother each contributed to it. Of the mother she says: "She'd give you her shirt but first she'd wrap it up in a pretty paper and tie a bow around it."

Then Miss Hurlbut writes about entering the dramatic profession and, more specifically, what happened to her during the years she spent in stock companies. The account of her experiences in the various boarding schools to which she was sent at a very tender age gives the reader clues as to her temperament and latent possibilities. These are abundantly fulfilled as the anecdotes accumulate. From what we are told about her somewhat unpredictable mother we gather that her impulsiveness, her determination, and her undoubted gifts as a comedienne were honestly acquired. Accompanying these attributes was the ability to see matters in perspective and evaluate them justly.

Gladys's first appearance on the stage was catastrophic. Since she has always been extremely nearsighted and glasses just aren't worn in many roles on the stage—she was bound to run into things. This she did when she had to make an exit with her head in a barrel in which, hopefully, there were holes for her eyes. She literally brought down the house—both houses in fact—the one on the stage and the one represented by the audience. That particular engagement ended shortly afterward.

To members of "The Profession" who have won their spurs in stock her descriptions are amusingly and sometimes painfully accurate. The layman will feel that he is being let in on matters which, presumably, have been kept from him, heretofore; such as how the women's costumes were assembled, since the actresses must provide them for all of the many plays in which they appeared; what the relationships actually were between various members of a company—off the stage, regardless of what they looked like on it. While this has been told by others, Miss Hurlbut has her own special and flavorful way of saying it.

Gladys's warm and sympathetic nature was responsible for getting her into some situations that, to say the least, were unconventional. She startles the reader with a rather shocking statement, setting him back for a moment—then, some paragraphs on, all is explained, proprieties are rounded off with a sparkling flourish.

Many of the stories involve either her leading men or her directors. Emotional entanglements are concerned, but not always. One of her directors, one who did most for her artistically and who, toward the last, wanted more of her than she was prepared to give, offered her one of the best descriptions of the mechanics of acting that one may read in many a moon.

Some of us have forgotten about what Miss Hurlbut dubs as the "gum and gimlet" circuit. That was where the women of a touring company found holes bored in the walls through which the traveling salesman next door could peep. These had to be filled in with chewing gum. And her fellow actors will appreciate her paragraph on "alibis"—alibis as to why business was bad at that particular time, in that particular town. It all added up eventually to the arrival of the moving pictures.

Miss Hurlbut's last chapter gives the reader some most exciting and really moving moments. It is here that Miss Hurlbut, after fifteen years away from the stage, finds herself in the theatre again. Her good friends Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are responsible for this. It is they who sustain her morale when it falters at the prospect of reappearing on the boards after so long a period away from it. The fact that she is successful brings this book to a satisfying conclusion. In the words of Noel Coward which she quotes: "Acting is like bicycling. You never forget how but you wobble a little when you first get back on."

In "A Woman of Parts" Sarah Truax wrote about her own many years in stock-company productions.

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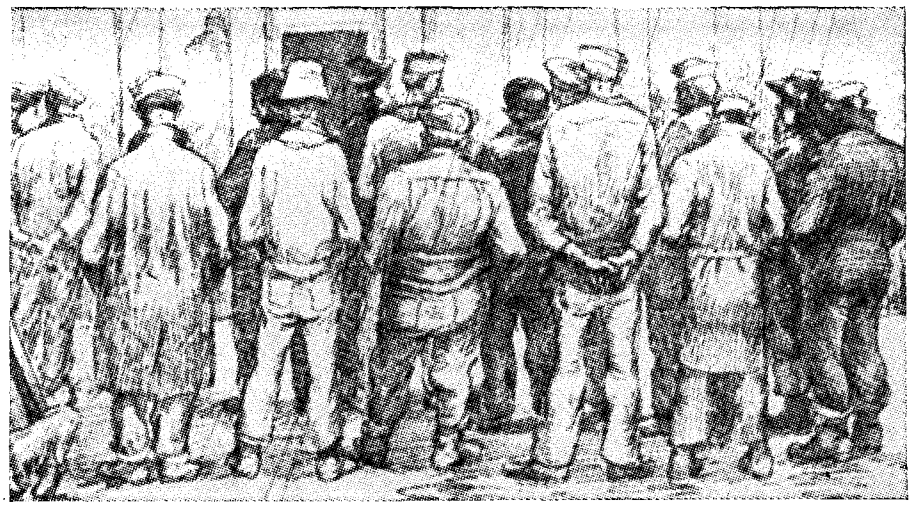

—"Muster, Rainy Morning," by Mitchell Jamieson, USNR.

From Capt. of the Head to Comdr.

ALL THE SHIP'S AT SEA. By William J. Lederer. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 292 pp. $3.

By Lewis H. Conarroe

IN 1930 Bill Lederer, hospital apprentice, second class, was made captain of the head (latrine) in Barracks B, Newport, R.I. Taking his cue perhaps from Gilbert & Sullivan, he polished up the plumbing so care-fully that now he's a Commander in the Reg Na-vee. It is as Cmdr. William J. Lederer, USN, though still an enlisted man at heart, that he looks astern to his gob days, his Annapolis training, and all subsequent duty and chronicles the high moments, meaning the many he can still laugh about, in an autobiography robust with chuckles.

"All the Ship's at Sea" (watch that apostrophe if you're to catch the spirit of the book) is a fast-paced, somewhat haphazard collection of yarns tending to prove that life among the Regulars can be mighty irregular if you lead sufficiently charmed a life, which Bill does with almost incredible consistency. Indeed, it is hard to tell in this engaging bull-session what is fiction and what is fact. A few characters seem believable enough. But others, like Blippo Burke, Abe Brown, and Leo-the-Lion Ridd, are either too good or too bad to take on faith. Likewise, Hymie O'Toole, Lederer's crony in and out of more picklements than you'll find in a dozen Dagwood cartoons. The whole book, in fact, repeats the predicament-climax-happy-ending formula of a daily comic strip.

Not that this proves offensive. "All the Ship's at Sea" is no book to be taken seriously. Thus, such antics as clouting a master-at-arms over the head with a can of jumbo asparagus and tattooing unprintable messages on unmentionable parts of a Glasgow hussy named Maggie are not only allowable but, as Bill Lederer relates them, wildly hilarious.

On the other hand, the book has its serious chapters. The most exciting, and among the better written, describe the two gravest situations a Navy man can face: having his own ship shot from under him and standing as the defendant in a court martial. From the first of these experiences, reported in the Michener manner, Bill Lederer came out with a whole hide. From the second, because his counsel refused to let him present the very testimony that would clear him, he emerged rather skinned-up and doomed never again to take command at sea.

In spite of this injustice, plus the normal amount of gripes and grievances to be expected of an officer who has seen the Navy from the crew's cramped berthing as well as from wardroom country, Cmdr. Lederer manages to turn the other cheek. With all her faults, he wants it noted, he loves the Navy well. Yet one has the feeling the Commander has written with one eye carefully on his fitness report, speaking only as openly as he dares and glossing over many a regimental evil that secretly browns him off.

This book of rollicking reminiscences shows Bill Lederer to be a man with an undeniable flair of storytelling. It also demonstrates what has been said before: that a few years in the enlisted ranks as a prerequisite for Annapolis might result in both better leadership and improved morale throughout all levels of naval enlistment and command.

Lewis H. Conarroe is author of "Off My Sea Chest," a book of reminiscences about Navy life.

Air Gospel

SLIPSTREAM: The Autobiography of an Air Craftsman. By Eugene E. Wilson. New York: Whittlesey House. 328 pp. $4.50.

By C. R. Smith

EUGENE E. WILSON, long-time naval officer and afterward a prominent aviation manufacturing executive, resigned his industrial connections last year, "convinced that the situation called for a new book on aviation, a sort of bible of air power, or at least its gospel."

This is that book. That it finally fits neither exalted designation is no reflection on its actual accomplishment as an ardent and articulate narrative of a forthright fellow who was in the middle of many epic problems that have influenced the progress of aviation since 1924. Mr. Wilson is an admirable champion and disciple of Adm. William A. Moffett, who developed the technology of naval aviation while General Billy Mitchell was becoming the martyr of military air power. The author's statements on the swirling controversy between the Army and Navy air-power advocates during the early aeronautical days reveal a thoroughly disciplined point of view. He moves smoothly over the same subject as of recent and present times, with more diplomacy.

For the student of aviation progress, his documented story of engine experimentation in the Navy has particular interest. An Annapolis graduate, career naval officer, and for some time head of the engine section of the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics in the mid-Twenties, he helped bring about the acceptance of air-cooled airplane engines. This alone qualified him for a high place among the contributors to the improvement of the economics of air transportation.

Later on the book tells in an agreeable fashion the story of the author's participation in the complications prior to and during World War II, when he saw some of his theories tested and also experienced some of the headaches of war production as an industrial executive. He had resigned from the Navy to become an aviation manufacturing official with United Aircraft in 1929. The war slows down the narrative as he pauses for personal identifications and falters over occasional lapses in objectivity. But colorful reminiscences of these troubled times are provided for specialized readers. Some of the interpretations will provoke spirited discussions in ward-rooms, officers' clubs, and Pentagon corridors.

It is when the writer reaches the

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postwar era that philosophical paradox rears its amorphous presence. He makes a strong point that the air transport operators and aircraft manufacturers suffer from over-regulation by the Government's bureaucratic agencies. He believes, most reasonably, that "economic regulation by political agency is an anachronism." But his stream of consistency wanders. In the first part of the book the author has not minimized the significant part played by Army and Navy contracts in supporting the fledgling aircraft industry. He does not follow through, in detail, the transition from departmental patronage to tightening bureaucratic controls that now surround aircraft manufacturing and air transport. The missing middle of the story is important to those who fear the lowering shadow of Governmental interference over vital private enterprises that affect public convenience and national welfare.

The influence of aviation on the daily lives of the people could have been stressed more if this had not been such a subjective narrative. But it remains a record of vision, struggle, and achievement, as well as an outspoken autobiography of a man whose opinions and activities have had a not inconsiderable impact on his industry.

C. R. Smith is president of American Airlines and a veteran aircraftsman

Polio-Stricken Songstress

INTERRUPTED MELODY. By Marjorie Lawrence. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.50.

By Betsey Barton

THE FIRST half of this book reads like an exuberant fairy tale. It has all the proper ingredients. An ugly duckling of a farm girl in Australia discovers she is endowed (by who knows what fairy godmother) with the gift of a golden voice. She dreams of running away to the city, where she will sing for a teacher who will clap his hands in amazement and beg to be allowed to train her. She will learn to be beautiful, she dreams, as beautiful as her voice is lovely, discarding her thick woolen farm clothes, her heavy farm-girl's figure. And she will leave Australia for Paris and New York, where her voice will capture the hearts of millions of people including, as all fairy tales must, that of a Prince Charming.

While she milked her father's cows each morning Marjorie Lawrence dreamed all these things and at an early age, and in rapid succession, made each one of them come true. She ran away to Melbourne and sang for Ivor Boustead, who realized at once that she had one of the greatest natural voices he had ever heard. After studying with him for a year she went to Paris, where she worked with the famous Cécile Gilly. She got her first engagement in Monte Carlo and the French provinces. Then it was the Paris Opera and two years later the Met.

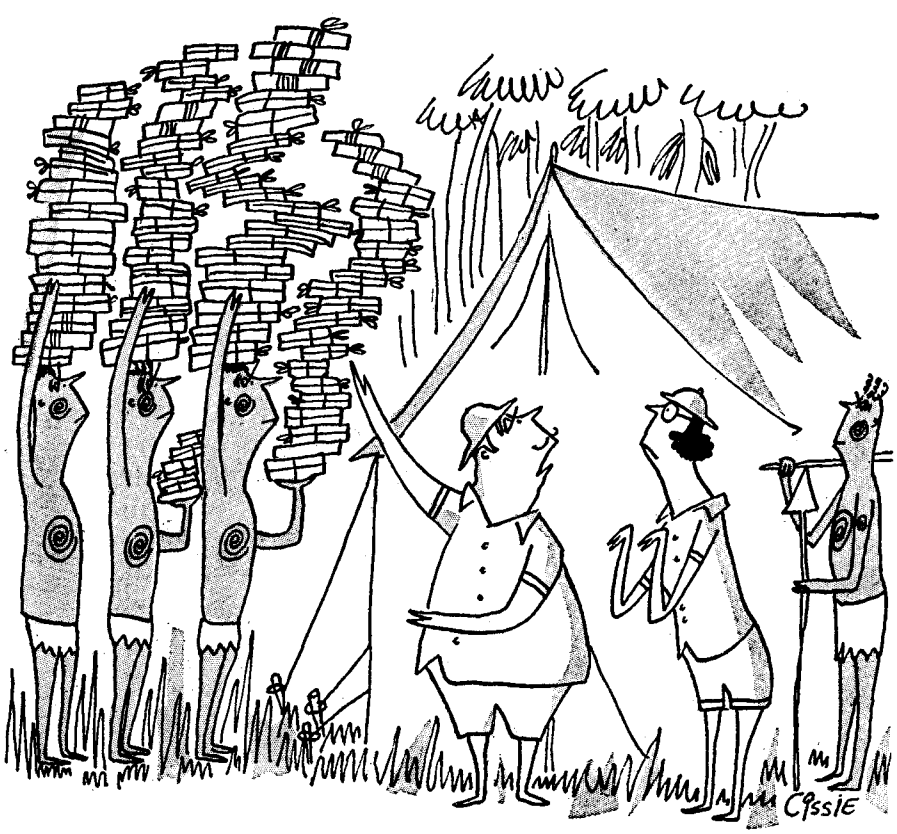
By 1941 Marjorie Lawrence had sung all over America, Europe, and South America. She had performed with the most brilliant singers and conductors in the music world on its most famous opera stages, in its most celebrated concert halls. She had met, fallen in love with, and married Dr. Thomas King, with whom she was ideally happy. Everywhere she was acclaimed as one of the world's top opera stars.

But here the fairytale ends.

In Mexico, soon after her honeymoon, while singing "Die Walküre" she fell to the floor consumed with agonizing pains. Several days later she was completely paralyzed. In terror, her husband took her to Hot Springs, then to Sister Kenny in Minneapolis, where he learned the Kenny treatment. But the months brought little improvement. When it was time for the season at the Met to begin Marjorie Lawrence knew she would not be there. "Those dead legs do the Salome dance! That awkward arm flaunt Brunhilde's shield! Those awkward fingers click Carmen's castenets! *This* body lure a Tristan or a Scarpia. No . . . no."

The fairy tale is indeed over; reality begins. But the reader feels no sense of loss, for here is the record of one of the most appealing love stories in history. Marjorie Lawrence fought to learn to sing again, and did. She sang from her wheelchair in wartime on the farthest battlefields to which our troops had been sent. She sang for them, the wounded and the despairing, and at the same time she sang for herself, drawing courage and strength from each of her own performances. Five years after her illness, after immense effort and exercise, she sang as she had once thought she might never again sing—standing up.

That she accomplished all this is enormously to her credit, but it is perhaps more to the credit of her husband, Dr. Thomas King. His devotion to her never failed, his faith in her recovery became her own, as did his faith in God. Whenever she had mastered one thing, made one little gain, he urged her ahead, pushed her on to something new. He had given up his own life that they might create one together. Each of her victories was therefore a triumph for them both. On this principle he helped rebuild her life.



"Gad, Myrtle, we forgot to cancel the book clubs!"

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Franco-phobe

THE LAST OPTIMIST. By J. Alvarez del Vayo. New York: The Viking Press. 406 pp. $4.

By HENRY B. KRANZ

JULIO ALVAREZ DEL VAYO'S autobiography makes fascinating reading. It shows a man whose sincerity is as admirable as his passion for creating a better world, a journalist whose experience qualifies him as reporter of tumultuous events, a politician whose background is colorful and packed with foreign flavor Unfortunately, it also shows that sincerity and experience are not enough to give one a clear insight into the grave issues of the day. Del Vayo, son of a Spanish general and an aristocratic mother, who was a leader in Catholic organizations, is today an almost blind follower of the Soviet regime. After visiting Russia six times, he has not one word to say about the way in which a small clique ruthlessly suppresses freedom of speech and religion and has liquidated millions of its opponents.

His first rebellious impulse, he tells us, came while still a child in El Escorial, the fortress-residence of Philip II. His cheerful nature rebelled against the oppressive feeling of a structure that spoke only of death and tyranny. Whoever walked on a hot summer day through the icy, dark rooms of that monasterial palace can easily understand the outcry of the youngster against heartlessness and dogmatism. Isn't it strange that Del Vayo should today feel drawn toward the Russian fortress-residence? Yet one is not surprised to read that he likes the Russians. "The Spanish and the Russians are the two European peoples that most resemble each other." There is considerable truth in this observation. But instead of realizing that in both countries the people today are ruled by a dictator Del Vayo hates Franco but admires Stalin.

His life was never dull. He was young when he went to France, Switzerland, Germany, and the United States. In New York he studied and taught and he met many interesting people, mainly friends of the Socialist movement. In Berlin Rosa Luxemburg impressed him with her high idealism. He does not imagine her, were she alive today, "writing against Russia in the capitalistic press as so many former pro-Communists are doing." We have, however, only his word for that.

Later Del Vayo went with the Nansen Mission to Soviet Russia, where —strange meeting indeed—he encountered Vidkun Quisling, who was one of the Norwegian delegates. In Rapallo, as reporter, he met Rathenau and scored several scoops; he was also the first to cable the proclamation of the Spanish Republic to his paper *La Nación* in Buenos Aires. He was appointed ambassador to Mexico and was later sent to Moscow. During the Spanish Civil War he was foreign minister and general commissar for war. No doubt the assistance given by the Russians to his regime helped warm

his heart toward them. But although he would like to be called "expert No. 1 on revolution" he does not analyze the reasons for Russia's action in those days.

The Spanish War, in which he played an important role, is not recorded in detail, and this because he expects the reader to have studied his earlier book "Freedom's Battle." This limits considerably the chance one might have gotten for a complete judgment of Del Vayo's achievements and for a clear understanding of the events that followed. We cannot quite see why he hates Indalecio Prieto, former Socialist Party head, and is full of admiration for Negrín, the last Republican premier, whose Communism he declares is "a legend." Franco, he writes, is "not a Spanish general but an officer under the orders of Hitler"—as if a Spaniard cannot be a dictator in his own right. The story of how some Spanish gold was sent to Russia during the war is dramatically revealed. There was no pressure from the Spanish Communists or from the Kremlin. And the last dispersals of the gold deposits in Russia were made weeks before the war ended. If this is correct, it destroys any illusion the reader may have had that Russia's help at that time was altruistic.

Now, as foreign editor of *The Nation*, after having secretly visited Spain again, for whose liberation he is still fighting, Del Vayo—his friends call him "the eternal optimist"—firmly believes that Franco is hated by every Spaniard but that Stalin "in an honest election would receive an overwhelming majority." Is there any doubt that dictator Hitler, after getting rid of his opponents, would have received the same majority in 1939?

Tea Vendor

THE LIPTON STORY: A Centennial Biography. By Alec Waugh. New York: Doubleday & Co. 277 pp. $3.

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

ALL THE success stories aren't about Americans. America can claim the credit for giving Thomas Lipton a few pointers, but he found the road for himself on Crown Street in Glasgow, "a somber, dingy thoroughfare; but it was the home then, as it is now, of quiet, self-respecting families who took a pride in their few possessions." One of the many agreeable things about Mr. Waugh's agreeable book is that he has seen most, perhaps all, of the places Lipton saw—Glasgow, New York, Colombo—and can establish his tale knowledgeably in its settings. And Lipton got around.

Lipton's father, a potato-famine Irish emigrant and six-dollar-a-week timekeeper in a paper-mill when Tommy was born, had an ambition and achieved it. He wanted to own a grocery and he did. Tommy worked for him a while and then, at fourteen, with parental consent, sailed for America. It was the spring of 1865. The passage cost him $18; he landed with less than half that sum in his pocket. He told a New York hotel tout he could get him a dozen customers—what was there in it for himself? "Free lodgings for a week," he was told. He went South—Charleston and New Orleans —and eventually returned to New York and got a job in a grocery. He studied what would later be called merchandizing, and in 1869 he returned to Glasgow to become the greatest merchandizer of his age.

His father's grocery was prospering. Then why not, asked the son, open another and prosper twice as much? The father would have none of it. So on his twenty-first birthday—May 10, 1871—Tommy opened his own shop.

That is the story. The rest is sequel. But what a sequel! Ten years later, Lipton imported from America the world's biggest cheese. Eight hundred cows worked six days each to achieve it. Lipton strewed it with sovereigns as a housewife strews a pudding with raisins. The Sunderland police called this a lottery (he got out of that), and thereby abetted the Lipton legend and boosted Lipton sales. Four years later, the year of Victoria's golden jubilee, Lipton imported from Canada a bigger biggest cheese (five tons) and offered it to Her Majesty. It was courteously declined. Lipton gave the correspondence to the press. His taste was criticized; people talked and Lipton sales mounted.

The story of the *America*'s cup races

(*Continued on page* 30)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Quiet, Please!

AT THE center of our confusions and fears about the immediate future lies the deeper feeling of unreality. The scientific age has taught us to believe in the incomprehensible and to accept the words and prophecies of men whose knowledge of their subjects is taken for granted, but whose public statements too often show a profound and disturbing lack of unity. Any man hotly arguing in front of a microphone may be as dangerous to our sense of security as the columnist and the anonymous writer for the great weekly magazines whose hasty opinions may be slanted by editorial policy.

Over the last few months we have witnessed a rapid change in the tenor of the vast debate in which this country has been engaged since our entrance into the war. There is now a conflict of opinions coming from the highest quarters on two vital matters: the defense of the nation in case we are plunged into war and the significance of the Russian development of the A-bomb. Less than a year ago we were either confident that a third world war would be impossible because we were too strong and too advanced technologically to be attacked with impunity or that we could eventually defeat any enemy that went to war against us. That confidence was not built on blind optimism but on an apparently sound basis. It was founded on the success of the Marshall Plan in reviving Western Europe and our long head start in the race for atomic armament. There were other minor factors such as the successful defense of our hold on Berlin and the loss of Communist power and influence in the whole Western world.

SUDDENLY the scene has darkened and almost everything that once seemed solid and sound has become unreal. The long and heated arguments between the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force were not designed to frighten the public but led to heated and unwise statements that might well have done so. The victory of Chinese Communism and the menace of its continued advance in the Western Pacific, though they had been long projected, inevitably led to an attack on our entire foreign policy, and we are now told that our policies in Europe may fail, though it is obvious to any observer they have succeeded beyond our early expectations. The proof that Russia had at last exploded an atomic bomb sooner than our scientists had expected implied that time was running out and that we must attempt to come to terms with Russia. It did not mean that our stockpile of A-bombs and the vast atomic plants we had built could be conceivably overwhelmed for many years to come.

In the meantime, there are no riots in the streets or angry public demonstrations produced by hysteria. Nor does this signify that the public is lethargic or ignorant or indifferent to this alarming exposition of divided councils and lack of accurate information. There are too many people who, for partisan advantage or through an honest attempt to create an uproar that would lead to an immediate and perhaps catastrophic agreement with the Russian - dominated Communist world, are trying to sell the American public a false bill of goods, or at least one that has not been properly certified.

It is often forgotten that the people of this country are the best informed in the world. Our daily and Sunday newspapers, our huge magazines, to say nothing of the universal voice of the radio, cannot be compared with any other country in the volume of world information that pours into the American home. This lack of any evidence of hysteria or dismay or, indeed, of doubt of our future must come from a people who are courageous enough to believe in the justice of our cause, in the strength of our institutions, and in our capacity to continue to create abundance in our factories and farms. The public must also believe that our inventive ingenuity, our scientific achievements, our laboratories, and vast establishments for research and atomic production are superior to those of any other nation and will continue to be so as long as we remain united and alert. There is solid basis for confidence in these accomplishments. The lack of reality is produced in these days by our leaders and the protagonists of various political, military, and economic and scientific tenets. It is also logical to believe that our possession, even though it is not unilateral, of the most awesome atomic weapons may indeed lead to an end to war and to the superstate for which the world, consciously or not, must long. What nation led by sane men would go to war at the risk of universal chaos and destruction? It is time that the men who magnify our faults and weaknesses and engage in unproved and hair-raising speculations should moderate their voices or agree with each other to remain silent.

—H. S.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *An editorial taking issue with some of the above views will be presented in this space next week over the initials of N. C.*

A poem

breaks crashing from the thicket, wings ablur,
describing sky in thin, remembered arc,
and vanishes into the hare's quick fur
to pry him shaking from his burrow's dark
and race him bounding on the dreadful ground;
the shadowed word in leaf-stirred terror calls
as meadow grass yields slowly without sound,
and belly-inch by belly-inch it crawls,
pursuing sinuously and pursued;
entangled in the fingered water weeds,
it swims with fish's undulating plan
and rising lightward, springs to altitude,
bursting from surface, threshing wings, and bleeds
into the crabbed calligraphy of man.

—MILTON KAPLAN.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"The Death of The Sun"

SIR: I have just had a chance to read the article about *The Sun* ["The Death of The Sun," by Irving Kolodin, *SRL* Jan. 28] and I think you would like to know of some of the errors in the piece.

(1) On page 8, first column, it says, "even the vice president and general manager of *The Sun* didn't know it [the sale of the paper] the day before." This is completely inaccurate as I attended all meetings in connection with the sale, from the very first to the very last.

(2) On page 23, second column, the writer says, "The Saturday issue dwindled to eight pages." The Saturday *Sun* was never less than twelve pages with the minor exception of Saturday, December 24, day before Christmas, when it was ten pages and the same number of pages in our first two editions (twelve after that) on Saturday, December 31, 1949. The Saturday *Sun* had fourteen pages during the football season or when other important news developed.

(3) On page 23, third column, the article states, ". . . it sought to operate as a responsible reporter of the scene it occupied with a force of sixteen reporters and rewrite men," whereas we had a force of twice that number.

(4) On page 23, third column, the writer says, "What didn't appear of New York news on the local wire of the Associated Press rarely appeared in *The Sun*. Ever since the passing of the local service called City News the vast area of New York has defied adequate coverage by any afternoon paper." The Associated Press coverage is much better than the coverage City News gave.

(5) On page 24, second column, the expression that "*The Sun* has frequently been Democratic in local politics, Republican in national" is at wide variance with the facts.

(6) On the same page, third column, there is a line indicating there never was a meeting of executives or department heads. For twenty-odd years there were weekly meetings of some eighteen *Sun* executives and department heads in my office. In addition there were almost daily meetings of such *Sun* people in my office. There were executive meetings three times a week in the president's and publisher's office.

(7) On page 26, first column, there is reference to Frank M. O'Brien's "The Story of The Sun" as being published "seven times" after 1918. The book was published once after 1918, in 1928.

EDWIN S. FRIENDLY,
Vice President and General Manager, *The Sun*.
New York N. Y.

Sane and Valid Faith

SIR: Having just read Dixon Wecter's "Our Manifest Destiny" [*SRL* Feb. 18], I am moved to add a particularly relevant note which I think many World Federalists have felt in their "heart of hearts," but have so far neglected to mention.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Show me some of these atoms, Lucretius, and maybe I'll accept your theory."

In an age of doubt, anxiety, and faithlessness world government is more than a solution to the world's problems. It is an idea of such a profound and far-reaching scope that men may attach a strong personal feeling of faith to it. A faith in a cause has often provided men with a reason for living and here is a cause that transcends all other causes. It is a solution, ultimately, not only of the world's political problems but of social and economic problems as well.

For those who doubt there is a way out of the present danger, for those who doubt even that there is a safe place to turn, here is a sane and valid faith well worth considering. It embraces a faith in humanity and in the brotherhood of man and need be second only to a faith in God.

WILLIAM D. BAKER, JR.
Evanston, Ill.

No Well of Tenderness

SIR: In reply to my correction of her review of my novel "Sicilian Street," Evelyn Eaton writes [LETTERS, Feb. 18]: "Peri's boy friend is not a lawyer, he is merely mistaken for one by Lieutenant McGreer, Mr. Briggs, and me." This sentence contains two misstatements. All the way through my book Lieutenant McGreer treats and expressly adresses George as what he is, a Wallstreet man; there is no evidence, not even a remote implication, that Mr. Briggs ever mistakes George for a lawywer.

After that unsuccessful attempt to wiggle out of one inaccuracy charge, Miss Eaton tries her luck with the other. "She [Peri] is, of course, the beautiful orphan." This statement is false. Peri's description, on page 4 of my book, reads: ". . . he [George] doubted if many men would find her attractive or even pretty." With three more untruths added to your reviewer's loaded score, I think I can leave judgement about this sort of reviewing to others and proceed to my grievance with your LETTERS editor.

My letter was published in an abridged version. The lines "E.E. (whoever this is) might not have misrepresented the idiomatic functions of 'errant maiden' and 'herculean task' on purpose but the assertion that anywhere on the pages of 'Sicilian Street' I have used the cliché 'a well of tenderness' is a plain lie" were omitted from the published text.

In order to spare your reviewer the admission that she had made up a thrashy cliché and falsely described it to your readers as a verbal quotation from my novel, you arbitrarily suppressed the more serious one of my charges and reduced to a mere case against careless reading what was and remains a case against careless reading plus dishonest reporting.

I am afraid I cannot let you get away with that. The statement printed in your edition of December 17, that I have used the phrase "a well of tenderness" in my novel "Sicilian Street" is (a) untrue, (b) damaging, two premises the combination of which the law defines as libel. If you don't avail yourself of the chance to make amends by printing this letter, you will force me to demand formally a retraction.

JOHN KAFKA.
Hollywood, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Under Mr. Kafka's charming definition of libel,* SRL *would be involved in litigation every time we published an unfavorable review. Since grievance has been found with our* LETTERS *editor, we are printing Mr. Kafka's communication intact, with no copy-editing.*

Z-Bomb

SIR: My apologies! A few years ago I took issue with your horror at the atom bomb. Now I see you were right. You perhaps can do justice to this idea. If the present trend continues to its logical end, we will have the Z-bomb, the ultimate in destruction which will annihilate one hundred million people at one time. Of course the Russians will have it too so that mankind can be obliterated, thus meeting the fate it deserves by its own action.

NORMAN M. BEHR.
New York, N. Y.

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Seeing Things

THAT FOREST OF ARDEN

IN HIS reviewing days (and what days they were!) Mr. Shaw insisted that the wrestling scene was for him always the main attraction of a revival of "As You Like It."* His reason? Simply his conviction that "it is so much easier to find a man who knows how to wrestle than to find one who knows how to act."

Dodging the Gorgeous George aspects of this generality and limiting myself to matters histrionic, I must agree that Charles the wrestler has an easier time of it in Shakespeare's comedy than anyone else in the cast. He is thrown when the first act is but two scenes old and carried off speechless. The others, however, who are as talkative as they are amorous, must quit the wicked Frederick's court and hie themselves to the Forest of Arden. There, amidst plots, subplots, and disguises which could fool only their wearers, they must create the illusion of hunting in a lyric way, of loving no less lyrically, and in general of living a life in which Yale's ever-vocalizing Whiffenpoofs have somehow bobbed up as Robin Hood's Merry Men, carrying "The Oxford Book of English Verse" in their hands instead of cudgels.

The assignment is not an easy one. That there are lovely scenes in "As You Like It," that there are speeches of pure song and moments of enchantment, no one can deny. But for some of us who were brought up surrendering to the play, the comedy has of late, in "Twelfth Night's" fashion, lost its magic when encountered in the theatre. Where once its sylvan atmosphere, its picnic laughter, and springtime innocence used to beguile us, these nowadays elude us. We find that they resist embodiment behind the footlights.

They are still there in the library. They are there because as readers our minds are free. Arden is then a forest only of the imagination. Those who dwell in it are not real persons but the products of our fancy. We do not see them except with our mind's eye. Their words have no need to be spoken since they speak for themselves. When we come to what bores us in the text, we can skip, racing ahead to what delights us. We are not bothered, much less irritated, by the silliness—indeed the downright asininities—of the story told. Ours is not a questioning mood because on the printed page our idealizations are unchallenged by flesh and blood individuals.

That those of us who feel this way are in the minority is made clear by the success of the current revival of "As You Like It." It proves that audiences in droves remain as anxious to see the comedy as players without number (for reasons which escape me) have always been anxious to appear in it. Certainly the production which Michael Benthall has directed for the Theatre Guild has been staged unstintingly. In many respects it is as competent a revival of "As You Like It" as our theatre has seen within the last quarter of a century. Its secondary characters are not entrusted, as so frequently happens, to actors who are palpably tertiary. Whether impersonating courtiers or bumpkins, philosophers or clowns, they speak clearly. They even attempt to make probable the improbable people Shakespeare drew. This is a measure of their industry.

If as a designer James Bailey has broken with tradition by introducing us to a wintry Arden before allowing us to see the forest in the full ripeness of its summer foliage, the text supplies him with justifications. It also justifies the kind of settings he has supplied. Quite properly, these have the quality of backgrounds for a toy theatre. They capture what is childlike in the play by being childlike in their own way. Their theatricalism is unashamed. In their more artful and very pleasing fashion they can claim kinship with the kind of make-believe at which Skelt excelled and with which Benjamin Pollock's descendants to this day brighten the luckier of the world's nurseries.

THERE is one speech which I dread in every revival of "As You Like It." I dread it for the actor's sake no less than for the audience's. This speech,

—Vandamm.

"Regardless of how much prose she may utter, Katharine Hepburn's legs are always poetry."

* *AS YOU LIKE IT, by William Shakespeare. Directed by Michael Benthall. Settings and costumes by James Bailey. Music by Robert Irving. Presented by the Theatre Guild under the supervision of Theresa Helburn and Lawrence Langner. With a cast including Katharine Hepburn, William Prince, Ernest Thesiger, Bill Owen, Aubrey Mather, Cloris Leachman, Judy Parrish, Pat Englund, Whitford Kane, Jay Robinson, Frank Rogier, Ernest Graves, etc. At the Cort Theatre, New York City. Opened January 26, 1950.*

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THE INNOCENTS
Based on Henry James' "The Turn of the Screw"
with BEATRICE STRAIGHT
PLAYHOUSE, 48th St. E. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

of course, is "All the world's a stage." Apparently it is the only speech in the comedy that playgoers know. They take to it as they do to the "Toreador Song" in "Carmen." Once Jaques is launched upon it the house is stilled by a reverent hush of recognition. This is broken only when those out front, whose lips are ostentatiously forming the words, get so carried away by their knowledge that they begin to recite aloud. By the time "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything" is reached, spectators are sans control. Up go their hands and out comes a thunderous barrage of applause—for Shakespeare, for the actor who knows what they know, and for their own erudition. Ernest Thesiger does not seem to mind the ordeal. He approaches it with patience and grave resignation. But where he finds the courage to clear his throat, assume a properly sententious expression, and plunge into a speech so school-contaminated and worn treadless by repetition I, as a mere aisle-sitter, will never know.

To recall how enraptured we once were even by Rosalinds who in their Ganymede moments looked more like brood mares at pasture than foresters at play is difficult enough. It is still more difficult to fight off the faint nausea with which at present we read the automatic lyricism of some of the by-gone critics. Take William Winter, for example. In his more or less empty "Wallet of Time" on the subject both of "As You Like It" and Rosalind, words spill out of him like flour from a broken barrel.

"As we ramble through those woodland dells," says he of the comedy, "we hear the mingled voices of philosophy, folly, and humor, the flying echo of the hunter's horn, the soft music of the lover's lute, and the tinkle of the shepherd's bell. The sun shines always in the Forest of Arden; the brooks sing as they glide, and the soft, happy laughter of a sweet woman floats gaily on the scented wind."

Much more of this leads Mr. Winter by-and-by to Mary Anderson's Rosalind. Then he is off again. "Care had not laid its leaden hand upon her heart. Grief had not stained the whiteness of her spirit. The galling fetters of convention had not crippled her life. Accumulated burdens of error and folly had not deadened her enthusiasm and embittered her mind. . . . For her the birds of morning were

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I KNOW MY LOVE
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singing in the summer woods, while her footsteps fell not on the faded leaves of loss and sorrow, but on the blown roses of youth and joy. Strong in noble and serene womanhood, untouched by either the evil or the dulness of contiguous lives, not secure through penury of feeling yet not imperiled through reckless drift of emotion, rich equally in mental gifts and physical equipments, she seemed the living fulfilment of the old poetic ideal of gypsy freedom and classic grace that Byron saw in his 'Egeria' and Wordsworth in his 'Phantom of Delight.'" Etc., etc., *ad infinitum*.

I cannot say that I wish Miss Hepburn had inspired me to write about her in the same vein. Whether or not she hears birds of the morning singing in the summer woods as she strolls through Mr. Bailey's scenery, I am not in a position to state. I do know, however, that her Rosalind's physical equipment is exceptional. No one playing the part since I was old enough to sit up unstrapped in a baby-buggy has been lovelier to look at or blessed with a figure which takes so readily to a jerkin and tights. If Miss Hepburn does not fill the bill, she does fill the eye. She does this in spite of being unflatteringly lighted; in spite, too, of wearing make-up and a coiffure that do scant justice to her beauty.

Mr. Shaw, in the dramatic opinion already referred to, pretended the popularity of Rosalind is due to three main causes: (1) she speaks blank verse only for a few minutes, (2) she wears a skirt only for a few minutes, and (3) she makes love to the man instead of waiting for the man to make love to her. Subject to dispute as such reasoning may be, there are two indisputably good reasons why Miss Hepburn's Rosalind deserves its popularity. Both of these at their lower extremities are encased in her slippers. For, regardless of how much prose she may utter, Miss Hepburn's legs are always poetry, and poetry that is easy to scan.

As a fan of Miss Hepburn since "The Warrior's Husband," "Morning Glory," and "Little Women," I wish I felt she took to Arden as naturally as William Winter took to his "Thesaurus." I admire her gifts. I enjoy her looks. I like her chiseled cheekbones and find pleasure in her twangy voice. She has grace, breeding, and a sort of matter-of-fact elegance which is not without its own very special glamour. Even so, as Rosalind she does seem to me to be something of a Connecticut Yankee at Duke Frederick's court. Although she has her excellent moments and tries valiantly to give the play its song, I cannot help feeling that she mistakes the Forest of Arden for the Bryn Mawr campus.

When I happened to see "Adam's Rib" just after having seen "As You Like It," I was the more aware of Miss Hepburn's charms but the less convinced of her talents as a comedian. Though her intelligence is beyond question, the laughs she wins are won by the lines she speaks without the aid of her facial expression or her inner spirit. Her approach to comedy is essentially deadpan. It is as earnest as a Junior-Leaguer's molestation of the poor.

If I may fall back once again on Mr. Winter, Miss Hepburn's performance needs more of the soft music of the lover's lute in it; more, too, of Arden's scented wind. In fact, it needs a great deal more of the song and sunshine which are at the comedy's heart. Heresy though it may be to say so, for me the abiding trouble with Rosalind lies with Shakespeare.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

Grief Brought to Numbers

By Carolyn Hall Grant

Then as th' earth's inward narrow crooked lanes
Do purge sea-water's fretful salt away,
I thought, if I could draw my pains
Through rhyme's vexation, I should them allay.
Grief brought to numbers cannot be so fierce,
For he tames it, that fetters it in verse.
—JOHN DONNE.

1. By Dream Alone

HERE is the bread, and here the cup of wine
Upon the table as they were before,
But now the drink is bitter as a brine,
And all the bread I leave untouched. No more
Can I believe they ever had the power
To satisfy or slake. It was instead
The dream that has sustained me, with its flower,
These many years, — and now the dream is dead.
And with the dream the magic is dispelled —
The colors have gone dim, the stars are blurred.
There is no beauty in a garden held,
There is no music in a singing bird.
What can I do, I who have never known
A way to live, except by dream alone?

2. So Many Springs

The bell is tolling on this afternoon
Of April when, against the back stone wall
Are yellow heads of daffodils, and soon
There will be violets to brighten all.
A phoebe's call, thin through the mournful bell,
Struggles in vain to preach against decay,
A theme of hope drowned in this minor knell
Which tolls a loss no April can allay.
The young white lilac is to bloom this year.
I've waited long, — and now the dream is dead.
I will put lilacs on the dead dream's bier
(Incongruous grief with blossoms overhead).
So many springs it promised not to die,
So many springs, but they have all gone by.

3. The Color of a Rose

Man cannot keep this flowering earth secure
Without this dream. His finely tempered mind
Probing the atom's secrets, gives no cure
For ills that now beset all humankind.
But if each heart could learn what my heart knows
Man would be wise; the world would be more fair.
By crossing it, the color of a rose
Is changed — so can the mind be made aware.
Then even if this parting is the last
For us, my love, I must not, will not weep.
All I have given you in days now past
To prove myself, that you must always keep.
This dream will still be living at my death,
Become a gentle part of me like breath.

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because he brings to every problem a set of preconceived ideas. But MacGregor, with his scientific impartiality and his honesty of mind, sees that the future depends on the supplanting of statecraft by intelligence and understanding. On the way to Moscow he had been preoccupied with his interrupted paleontology. A few weeks later in London, in the crisis of his clash with the Foreign Office, he shows the grip which the world now has on him. This novel is not pro-Russian, though for most of us it must make disturbing reading. Neither is it anti-British. But it is anti-imperialist and it champions the rights of the Persian people to a settlement in their own way of their own painful problems.

Some years ago John Galsworthy made a useful distinction between two kinds of novels, both important, both indispensable. He distinguished between novels of charm and novels of stature. "The Diplomat" sometimes seems wanting in warmth. It contains no sudden insights, it says nothing by implication, and it holds no magic. But it is, and in impressive proportions, a novel of stature.

Lox and Law

MY SON, THE LAWYER. By Henry Denker. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. 278 pp. $3.

By ROBERT MENDE

FOR a young lawyer starting out in his profession, the most common type of practice he handles is usually cases of negligence. In Mr. Denker's second novel, "My Son, The Lawyer," there is plenty of negligence.

This is the story of a Jewish boy, David Brown, and his dominating mother told against a New York background. The mother has one driving desire. She wants her son to become a lawyer. To accomplish this, she uses sort of a motherly half-Nelson. She twists sacrifices out of other members of the family, forces David to give up his writing ambitions, and interferes with his love life. However, Mr. Denker has constructed his novel in such a way that he makes one particular characteristic stand out more powerfully than the others. It's upon this base that practically all major motivations of his characters depend. It's the economic struggle during the Depression. It's the fight to pay for a law education and all the rough rubs of

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establishing an honest and paying practice.

It's here that we have our case of negligence. In order for the reader to sympathize fully with David Brown's struggle to become a lawyer the author must establish certain relationships. For instance, David attends school during the day and works as a salesman during the evening. But why is he working? Does he need to meet next year's tuition? Are his earnings needed to help support his family? Mr. Denker doesn't tell us. He neglects to establish the importance of David's having to work. Nor can it be argued that Mr. Denker has chosen a more subtle means of exposition. It is also possible to understand the importance of David's working by knowing the conditions under which he and his family live. But here again the author neglects to reveal life among the Browns.

By a unique contradiction Mr. Denker tells us that his characters suffer during the Depression but we never see them suffering. The reader never knows the needs of the family and how much David, his father, his uncle, and his sister contribute to meet these needs. When certain members of the family are out of work the author tells us things are tough. But he never shows us why they're tough. Is there trouble meeting the rent, paying for clothes, doctor bills, etc? He neglects to establish this. Nor is the Depression he claims his people are suffering from reflected in something as basic as food. Throughout the book Mr. Denker has his characters eating the same meal of nostalgia — cream cheese, *lox*, and, instead of the usual bagel, the author supplies us with the novelty of a seeded roll.

This pattern of negligence is applied to all his characterizations. It results in diluted drama. However, to Mr. Denker's credit, it must be stated that he handles certain scenes very effectively. He does a fine job of exposing a legal farce. It's the law that requires all New York City bars to pose as "restaurants" in order to serve liquor. With less effectiveness, he gives some insights into the education for law.

For the most part, Mr. Denker handles the dialect of his characters very well, but there are a few exceptions. These are due to the author's mistaken emphasis on authenticity. When English and Yiddish are mated, they give birth to some wonderful rhythms. The ears can take in these rhythms at rapid rates. But when the dialect is put down on paper it often becomes an eye-twister. If the reader is forced to reread, the effect the author is trying to communicate is often weakened.

Compared to Mr. Denker's first

Henry Denker—"pieces of people."

novel, "I'll Be Right Home, Ma," his second one is much better. His first book contained only "characters." Here, at least, we have pieces of people.

Robert Mende is author of "Spit and the Stars," a novel of New York life.

Fiction Notes

THE FIRST PERSON, by Richard Mealand. Doubleday. $3. One more inventory of the fourth estate. A daily columnist lays bare his mind, his morals, and his motives. It all adds up to the thralldom of words. Nothing matters but the deadline. A wife and children may languish in Suburbia, a mistress may demand a showdown in Manhattan, a young and beautiful secretary may momentarily spell serenity. But the titillation of the typewriter, the solace of the syndicate, represent the final reward to the faithful.

A running comment on sensationalism, an amusing alcoholic adventure in Boston, and a sub-plot of false impersonation keep the story tingling. No respite, however, from pressure nor jealousy nor daily copy. One or two little portraits and a decided pace assure Mr. Mealand space in the press-room.

THE TOWER AND THE TOWN, by Grace Campbell. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3. An ex-fighter pilot heeds the call, joins the church militant, and turns battling parson. Administering to the ills of his small parish, he finds time for all things, including marriage and a family. Alcoholics, loonies, dope dealers, and bastards seek sanctuary in the manse. The established vestry takes a dim view of such practising Christianity. Living the Word is seldom feasible. It is up to the novelists to make it so. A skeleton conveniently emerges from the enemy closet and what might be termed blackmail in lesser hands proves to be a benevolent weapon, wielding only good, for the church.

Problems reduced to parochial pulpit terms. A slangy sacredness levels out the community to a compromise contentment.

RICHARD WALDEN'S WIFE, by Eleanor Mercein Kelly. Bobbs-Merrill. $3. Now we observe "the winsome Mrs. W—," known from Maryland's effete Eastern Shore to Wisconsin's granite farmland, flashing her wiles, waving the Confederate flag, regretting the lost cause, and unfailingly ensnaring the men. Age never withers this Lorelei. Not war nor wilderness nor almost annual childbearing can smirch the sweetness of these charms. Innuendo only serves to increase her following. A swoon or two, a blush, or a well-directed batting of the eyelids, and Richard Walden is himself again. Ever faithful, he stoically dies of overwork rather than deny his darling her furbelows. It takes quite a bit of telling to prove the flirt not without honor. A loving and a true heart beats beneath that modish puce-colored bombazine after all.

Godey's Lady's Book prose.

THE FOUR CHAMBERED HEART, by Anais Nin. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.75. Somewhere in these tumultuous pages Miss Nin refers to love as "the great narcotic." But, as she paints it, the senses resist the sedative. Never was there such a madcap, carefree rogue of a Guatemalan guitarist lover as Rango, roaming the streets of Paris, bursting with charm. His girls are far from drugged. A pathological wife possesses him by illness while a healthy mistress moves in to set up light housekeeping in a river barge. They vie for a nod. They cook for him, they sew, they scrub, they cut his unruly hair, they soothe his "charcoal eyelashes" into slumber. He is a mountain man, a legend, a dreamer, and he is what each of these ecstatically sacrificial slaves means him to be. He can no more belong completely to either of them than he can to any set world or any political party.

The gentleman is something of a tramp. Even so, there is a queer sort of fascination about his story.

FROM CLAUDIA TO DAVID, by Rose Franken. Harper. $2.75. Claudia is thirty years old. She has three boys, has had one miscarriage, seen the war years through without David, and now David is laid up in a mountain retreat with T.B. Continue the story from this point. The whole family,

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along with dreamy Bertha, who only yearns to slave, fits into a tiny cottage. We are well aware of the bathroom line-up, of personal habits, and individual traits. Friends come and go, cluttering up the ménage. David first rebels at illness, then accepts it to the point of hypochondria. The eldest boy is killed by a car. Sorrow brings the cured clan back to New York. All the while 108-pound Claudia bears up with utterly exasperating bravery.

Over-a-hot-stove sob story. Eleven-o'clock-in-a-busy-morning tears. If you cry, you'll be ashamed, but the chances are you can't hold out. Inevitably to be continued.

—CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN.

HOW BRAVE WE LIVE, by Paul Monash. Scribner's. $3. Mr. Monash has a way with the wayward. He has a gift for natural dialogue, and an insight into the erosion in men's souls by which he tries to reach the common denominator of suffering mankind. His story is told in mosaics and deals with as sorry a group as one could find. Only geography, the bistro-land of Greenwich Village, unites them. Into the Marino, the saloon, are "drained" the Alcoholic, the Struggling Artist, the Successful Writer. These and other archetypes are there, and but for the discerning light the author throws on them, one would not give them any more constructive thought than they give to themselves.

It is a long time between drinks as a character appears in one chapter and then disappears for several. When we have followed Breedon Rawley, the Writer, to Hollywood; Amy, the Alcoholic, to Bellevue; Oliver Kittredge, the Homosexual with the Religious Mania, to a sanitarium; Aaron Ross, the Painter, to the bed of one woman or another, it is like having been taken on a conducted tour by a barker whose far-ranging comments we had come to distrust. This impression is confirmed when, in the middle of the book, the author interposes with reflections of his own in the first person. Mr. Monash, like the people of whom he writes, has talents; and his problem, like theirs, is to discipline those talents and direct them with enough vision to give them validity for others.

—LEONARD AMSTER.

GERALDINE BRADSHAW, by Calder Willingham. Vanguard. $3.50. The Chicago elevator girl with the scar on her chin didn't care to have dinner her first day on the job with the big-hotel bellhop named Dick Davenport. Yet she did. When he urged her to come to his room she grew indignant. Yet she went. When he elbowed her toward the bed she really thought she

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meant it when she said, "NO." Yet she got there all the same.

Though when she pleaded virginity he spared her. Only to have her confess, in tears, that she had lied to him: some dirty old hobo had raped her when she was thirteen. Yet that, too, turned out to be a lie; it had really been her brother-in-law during her sister's pregnancy and now she was tied down to a terrible lush-o named Ralph. The bellhop, in such a sweat he doesn't know whether to lie down or change his shirt, naturally despairs of everything.

Unhappily, this chronicle of a woman who can't make up her mind because she doesn't know what she wants, isn't certain who she is, and doesn't mean a thing she says, is reported so humorlessly that by the time half the novel is exhausted in the effort to resolve Geraldine's status the reader has ceased to care. The whole business is so padded with contrived dialogue that the most avid seeker of the four-letter word is likely either to turn back to Henry Miller or, even better, to give up and go on the nod. —NELSON ALGREN.

MINGO DABNEY, by James Street. Dial Press. $3. Mingo Dabney, youngest of Mr. Street's valiant Mississippi clan, carries his family's history outside the borders of the States in pursuit of the usual twin goals: a woman and righteousness, in that order. The woman is Rafaela Galban, known in her native Cuba as La Entorcha Blanca, the white torch of liberty. Since Rafaela is dedicated wholly to the struggle for Cuban liberty, Mingo, too, throws in his lot with the Mambises (the Cuban peasants) and goes riding against the Spaniards with Rafaela, with the Cuban leaders Maceo and Gomez, and with such other American soldiers of fortune as throw in with any fight for freedom. Mingo is imprisoned and almost falls before the Spanish firing squad, saved only by a fluke of fate. He joins the Cuban guerrillas and fights in the underbrush until the forces of Maceo and Gomez take the field and the fighting becomes major. The story, bloody and desperate and romantic when there is time for that, rushes headlong to a melodramatic climax, when the Cuban leaders, as well as the hated Spanish butcher, Sagaldo, are slain in a mutually destructive conflict. Mingo survives, to carry Rafaela off to a place of safety, secure in the knowledge that America is about to come into the fight at last. It is an exciting tale and visually quite graphic. The pity is that it has no depth at all, that it is all words and movement, as flat as the screen upon which it could have its most representative existence. —N. L. R.

PERSONAL HISTORY

(*Continued from page* 21)

is here, told with a compactness and clarity that the non-yachtsman can readily grasp. The non-yachtsman always did grasp it, anyway. Fargo and Des Moines followed the races as avidly as Newport and New London, and always with the hope that this time the old sport would pull it off. He never did, but he won the heart of a nation.

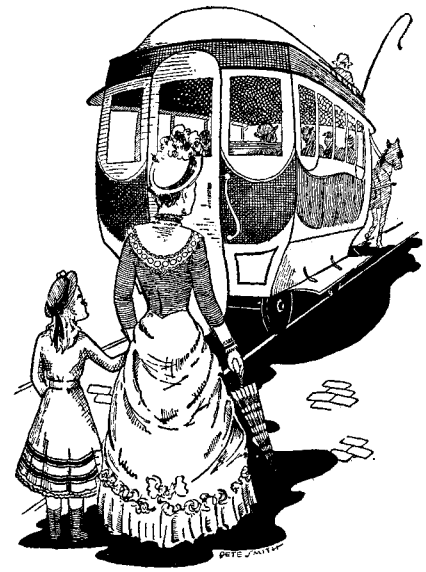
Lipton lived to be eighty-one. He never married. He left no deathless apothegms. He retained, throughout his life, much of the anonymity of the sandwich man who goes about proclaiming his own wares but not his own identity. He was far from being a recluse, however; "he wanted," says Mr. Waugh, "to give a good time and be given a good time." He gave it and he got it.

Mr. Waugh's biography is straightforward story. It is told without frills, without psychological probings, without elaborate appraisals. The research that has gone into it (the sources include Lipton's eighty-four volumes of press-cuttings) does not stick out all over it. It has humor, high interest, engaging readability. It is a good cup of tea—Lipton's.

Personal History Notes

THE CARDINAL'S STORY: The Life and Work of Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty, by Stephen K. Swift. Macmillan. $3.75. This is a virtual handbook of the Mindszenty case. The first portion is a biographical sketch of the prelate, with a review of the incidents that let up to Moscow's order to "liquidate the Mindszenty problem." The second portion is a summary of the trial, with long extracts from the testimony and an explanation of the operation of the drugs employed to secure the "confession." The third portion consists of extracts from the Cardinal's notes, letters, addresses, and sermons. The appendix is devoted to pertinent documents: Secretary Acheson's statement of February 9, 1949; the comments of Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, Nuremberg prosecutor, on the legal aspects of the case; the text of the American note to Hungary of April 2, 1949; Benjamin Cohen's statement to the United Nations General Assembly of April 18, 1949, and chronological tables. The sermon preached at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York on February 6, 1949, by Francis Cardinal Spellman, serves as prologue.

Mr. Swift, himself a native of Hungary, interviewed several eyewitnesses of the trial and two persons who saw the Cardinal in prison. Mr. Swift lives in New York and is a ruling elder of the Presbyterian Church.



—*From "When I Was a Girl in the Martin Box."*

WHEN I WAS A GIRL IN THE MARTIN BOX, by Orra Parker Phelps. Island Press, New York. $3. The Martin Box was the square house in Coventry, Connecticut, where Mrs. Phelps grew up. She was born in Coventry in 1867, and this book is made up of her childhood memories, with the emphasis on the details of day-to-day life—cooking, games, speech, church, school, home medication, farming, clothes. Mrs. Phelps, a Mount Holyoke graduate, later taught school in Missouri and Connecticut, and from 1922 to 1933 was on the faculty of Saratoga Springs High School. Her whole concern here, however, is rural Connecticut in the Seventies and Eighties. A former pupil, Pete Smith, supplies pen-and-ink illustrations.

THE LONELY WARRIOR: The Life and Times of Kamahameha the Great of Hawaii, by Kathleen Dickenson Mellen. Hastings House. $3. This brief account of the greatest of the Hawaiian kings (1758-1819) is a frank reconstruction, based on historical records (largely, and inevitably, by outsiders, the recollections of natives whose grandparents were alive during Kamahameha's later years, and the author's obvious familiarity with the area, its people, their customs, and their legends. Kamahameha dreamed of a union of the Polynesian peoples under a single rule; he did get so far as to consolidate the Hawaiian Kingdom, numbering perhaps 250,000 souls, and establishing "a form of government that fitted their needs and satisfied their emotions." A brief bibliography would have been helpful, particularly if Mrs. Mellen had ap-

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pended to each entry an evaluating paragraph—a service she was clearly well equipped to render.

. . . AND THE STREETS ARE COVERED WITH GOLD, by Ellen Munroe Fussing. Willard Publishing Co., New York. $3.75. This is the story of an American's discovery of America. Born in Chicago in 1913, Ellen Fussing went to Denmark with her parents in 1914—in a laundry basket. She returned to her native country—the long way, via the Panama Canal to San Francisco—in 1938. Her English was too sketchy for anyone to engage her as office help, but the San Francisco World's Fair (remember Treasure Island?) was aborning, and Miss Fussing joined the Danish exhibit; indeed, she practically established it. The war made her Danish background invaluable, and she became a postal censor in San Francisco, later transferring to the OWI office in New York. Her pleasantly topsy-turvy experience has implanted in her a conviction that "the 'one world' of Wendell Willkie is becoming more and more perceptible." She adds: "I don't want to die in a third world war. I want to live and work and be useful."

JOHN A. JOHNSON, THE PEOPLE'S GOVERNOR: A Political Biography, by Winifred G. Helmes. University of Minnesota Press. $5. John Albert Johnson ran for Governor of Minnesota on the Democratic ticket three times—1904, 1906, and 1908—and was three times elected while the Republicans carried everything else. Two of the three contests were won over the added handicap of being in Presidential years. In his third campaign Johnson was opposed by Jacob Jacobson, whose supporters proclaimed proudly that "he eats pie with a knife." The offhand phrase was no happier a choice than "rum, Romanism, and rebellion"; in vain Mrs. Jacobson denied that her husband even ate pie. John Johnson would doubtless have won anyway. He was an important and significant figure in state and national politics; in 1908 he was boomed for the Democratic Presidential nomination, but Bryan took over for the third and last time. John-

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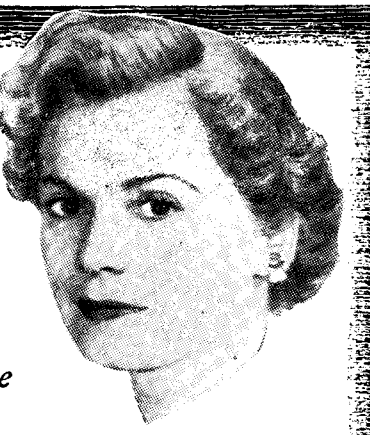

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"The fidelity to the time and the authenticity of character give the book a pastoral quality comparable to that of the great Scandinavian novelists."—*Newsweek.* $3.00

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son's death in 1909 at the age of forty-eight left unanswerable the question of what might have happened at Baltimore in 1912 to break the Wilson-Champ Clark deadlock. Johnson was excellent magazine copy in the heyday of the muckrakers—he was the other side of the shield. Lincoln Steffens found him "teachable" and eager to admit he did not know all the answers, and Charles Edward Russell said of him: "It seems never to have occurred to him that he is in a position in any way superior to the position held by his fellow citizens; he seems only to think he has been employed by the state to do a certain job, and he is trying to do it." The story of his career is worth perpetuating, and Miss Helmes has done a thorough and straightforward job.

AUNTIE KATE: Her Journey Through Ninety Years, by Katharine Garford Thomas. Ohio History Press (Ohio State Archeological and Historical Society), Columbus. $3.50. Auntie Kate (Moody) Smith, born in Ohio in the 1830's, died in Ohio in the 1930's. In 1843, when Kate was four years old, her father moved back to Granby, Massachusetts, and then to Chicopee. She attended Mount Holyoke Female Seminary and Westfield Normal School, and returned to Ohio in 1863. In 1888, now seventeen years married, she went to Washington Territory, where she remained eight years. The rest of her life was passed in Elyria, Ohio. Her grandniece, who is president of the Lorain County Historical Society, has set down Aunt Kate's recollections with affection and fidelity, and with due attention to the homely details of the long contemporary scene.

ELOQUENT INDIAN: The Life of James Bouchard, California Jesuit, by John Bernard McGloin, S. J. Stanford University Press. $5. James Bouchard was born on the Delaware Reserve, near Leavenworth, Kansas, in 1823, the son of a Delaware father and a French-American mother who had been seized by the Comanches in Texas in 1815—she and her brother had been forced to watch their parents burn to death at the same stake. At the age of nine young Bouchard participated in a battle with the Sioux in which his father was killed, and he later saw an uncle meet death in a duel with another Sioux. An evangelist took the boy to Marietta, Ohio, where he was educated at the academy. He went to St. Louis to prepare for the Presbyterian ministry, visited a Catholic church one Sunday during a children's service, and a few months afterward turned Catholic. He became a Jesuit priest and in 1861 went to San Francisco, in which area he served until his death in 1889. His story becomes a reflection of the growing community and of the problems which agitated it—such, for instance, as Chinese exclusion, a policy which Father Bouchard advocated. It was an era of considerable acrimony in sectarian partisanship and Father McGloin is eminently fair in his presentation of the lively and frequently bitter embroilments in which the old enemy of the Sioux was frequently involved. The book is not only a carefully documented story of an active life; it is also a sound portrayal of a place and a period.

THE NEW STARS: Life and Labor in Old Missouri, by Manie Morgan, as arranged by Jennie A. Morgan, edited with an introduction by Louis Filler. Antioch Press, Yellow Springs, O. $3.75. This is an interesting and unusual collaboration. Manie Kendley Morgan was born in rural Missouri, near the Kansas boundary, in 1848, and grew up in a time and place of conflict. As Mr. Filler, who is professor of American civilization at Antioch College, well says, her story "gains strength and significance from a single fact: its locale." Mrs. Morgan, who lived until 1938, told her life history to her daughter Jennie, who took it down in "a kind of shorthand" and read it back to her mother section by section. Later Mr. Filler took over, using due discretion, deleting frequently, adding only where clarity required, and this only after consultation. The result is an authentic picture of family and community life against a background of turbulent border history.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

RELUCTANT FARMER, by Elswyth Thane. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.75. Chalk up another victory for the wily blandishments of the Vermont upcountry. This is the testimony of their slow sorcery on novelist Thane and, to a more limited degree, on her naturalist husband, William Beebe. Here is a firm, gay answer to the urbanite who believes that mechanical "creature comforts" are unavailable beyond the suburbs.

When World War II ended summer research trips to England and swallowed their Bermuda home into an air base, Miss Thane sought a summer place in Vermont. She found the inevitable Greek Revival farmhouse with dilapidated red barn set in 180

Remembrance of a River

By Eric Wilson Barker

AS IF a voice had called
We halted on the ridge.

And liquid syllables like soothing words
Spoken by shepherds to their dusk-grayed sheep
Came softly up the sheer gray mountain wall.

Crawling toward that knife-edge of the world
We leaned with junipers above the canyon floor.

In evening, from our high late afternoon,
In dusk as blue as herons' wings, far down,
We glimpsed your luminous wind at foot of day,
Greened round by alder trees and cottonwoods.

Sun stroked our backs, we stared until we reeled,
A sinking hawk grew little as a leaf.

Your voice came cool as willows full of birds
Swayed in the wind to their own evensong.

We talk of it round campfires even now:
Long clear arpeggios of water-notes
Drawing us down that shadeless mountainside
To canyon dusk cool as a tunnel's mouth
Holding the moisture of your breath like flowers.
How more than stars you filled the early night,
Draining a depth of lupine from the skies
For us who came with water-seeking eyes.

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acres of overgrown sugar-bush, 2,200 feet above sea level.

That was the fall of 1942. This year the Thane-Beebe establishment runs full tilt with tractors, side-delivery hay rakes, a new sugar-house, a rebuilt barn, an apiary, full gardens. The author not only speaks, with offhand, professional lightness, of her "light fancy" maple syrup and field fertilizers but makes positive threats of a forthcoming flock of Rhode Island Reds and "a black Angus baby bull for the foreground beyond the strawberry bed."

This is decidedly not another "Malabar Farm" or a "Trending Into Maine." The professional niceties of the farm's rehabilitation are left, wisely, to a nostalgic GI named Elmer LaFlamme, who showed up to install a new Kohler electric-light plant and stayed on as a sort of spirit of "Vermont Resurgent." Miss Thane writes blithely of the wonders wrought during the next six years by Elmer, backed necessarily by dividends from the seven books she has produced on the farm.

I do wish, though, that a little more detail had been given to some of the rehabilitation techniques — for the guidance of the hundreds of thousands of families still going through the process because, Vermont or California, an old place is an old place and house rules would be much more interesting in Miss Thane's prose than they are in the toilsome polysyllabics of most how-to-do-it books. "Reluctant Farmer" is fine, light autobiographical reading, the almost reluctant testimonial of a sophisticate who succumbed to the Vermont upcountry and loved it.

—Robert West Howard.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Jude the Obscure": Thomas Hardy. 2. "The Dark Forest": Hugh Walpole. 3. "Winnie the Pooh": A. A. Milne. 4. "Stalky and Co.": Rudyard Kipling. 5. "The Silver Spoon": John Galsworthy. 6. "Wuthering Heights": Emily Brontë. 7. "The Descent of Man": Charles Darwin. 8. "The Way of the World": William Congreve. 9. "The Tale of a Tub": Jonathan Swift. 10. "Tristram Shandy": Laurence Sterne. 11. "War and Peace": Leo Tolstoy. 12. "The Loved One": Evelyn Waugh. 13. "Silas Marner": George Eliot. 14. "Blithe Spirit": Noel Coward. 15. "Tom Jones": Henry Fielding. 16. "Now Voyager": Olive Higgins Prouty. 17. "Rip Van Winkle": Washington Irving. 18. "The Age of Innocence": Edith Wharton. 19. "archy and mehitabel": Don Marquis. 20. "Joseph and His Brothers": Thomas Mann. 21. "Cyrano de Bergerac": Edmond Rostand. 22. "The Rivals": Richard Brinsley Sheridan. 23. "Lady Windermere's Fan": Oscar Wilde. 24. "Caesar and Cleopatra": George Bernard Shaw. 25. "Death and Taxes": Dorothy Parker.

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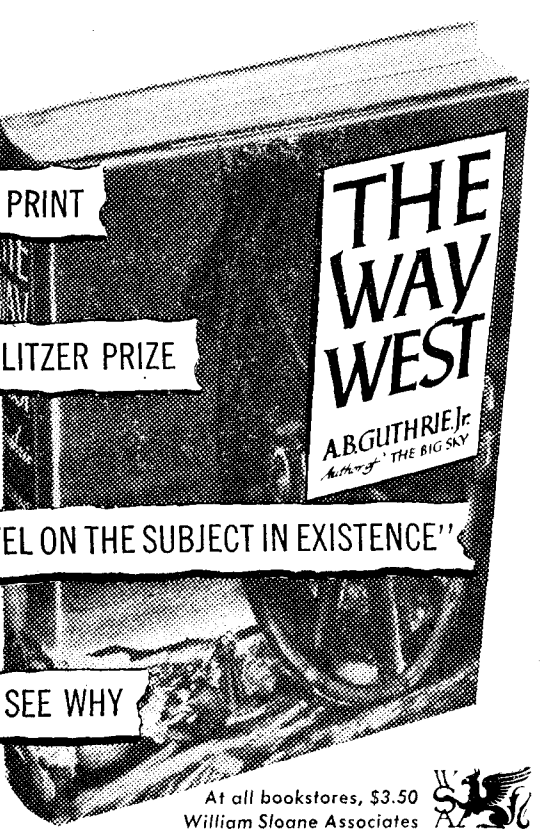

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Music to My Ears

JOHNSON, DE SABATA, AND THE AGE OF BERNSTEIN

SOMETHING about Edward Johnson and his fifteen years of direction of the Metropolitan Opera crystallized in a rather remarkable way in the hour or so of talk and tribute that made memorable the last day of February, his "gala testimonial" "Tosca." Round about him on the stage of the Metropolitan were several hundred people, mostly those who have been his co-workers during this period. Fifteen years and about 2,000 performances of opera suddenly came to a point of issue: does this thing live or is it an empty formality?

On the occasion when his predecessor, Gatti-Casazza, endured a similar manifestation of regard he did not even appear on the stage, much less address the audience in a language it could understand. He was impersonated by Emanuel List and the feat was considered the more remarkable because he said nothing. It is not easy for an actor, which List is, or an opera singer, which he was, to say nothing—nevertheless he managed the seemingly impossible because he was in the character of one who said nothing, in any circumstances.

What Johnson, and those who preceded him, said may not—in the words of Lincoln—long endure, but what has been done in this period of time is worth remembering. I am not speaking of a given "Rigoletto" on a specific date or a particular "Faust" on another. I speak, rather, of the whole idea of opera as it exists in America at the present time, with its manifold problems of labor, public, artists, and —by no means least in this month of March—taxes.

Let us, for the moment, be realistic rather than charitable. When Johnson found himself director in 1935, the operatic market was depressed: attendance was down and the future was uncertain. The hat had been passed several times, as it was to be several times again. I think it is safe to say that there was more than the consideration of holding a job which impelled him on virtually numberless occasions to express his faith in what he was doing, his enthusiasm for keeping alive the art to which he had devoted two parts of his life: as an ambitious and sensitive artist, as the administrator of the talents of other artists, equally ambitious and self-seeking.

The transition is not an easy one, and maybe Johnson never made it completely. His identity with the artist may have occasionally, or even frequently, turned him about so that he looked at the problem through the eyes of the performer rather than the composer or the listener. But the conviction somehow asserted itself, on this particular occasion, in this particular setting, that his viewpoint had justice on its side.

He has given us, in any five-year period, a liberal sampling of the most durable works of the opera literature. How they have been given is the subject not of an article, but of a book. Today, however, New Yorkers who are twenty-five know a good deal more about "Don Giovanni," "Figaro," and "Magic Flute," "Otello" and "Falstaff," and other matters formerly considered recondite, than those who are now forty knew fifteen years ago. The previous concept that only a stellar cast justified such works was radically reversed in favor of the belief that a great work justifies as good a cast as is reasonably available.

One can easily and endlessly note the blemishes in this picture, by directing attention to faulty execution of the plan. Johnson, as "Eddie" to his company, has certainly indulged a familiarity which is at variance with strict discipline. If he has thereby engaged a special measure of cooperation, he has also tolerated more than a few worn talents and expendable assets. Perhaps it was his special function, in the long history of men and events which make the Metropolitan, to bring the public closer to the special problem it presents. This, certainly, was in the air of that crystallizing hour.

VICTOR de Sabata, doctor extraordinary of musical magic, is now at work in New York, rousing the Philharmonic audience out of its most typical state—late-season languor. The prescription is an excellent one, for with the crushing table d'hôte of Stokowski and Mitropoulos, Bruno Walter and Bernstein digested, the musical appetite has been somewhat gorged, is in need of tonic stimulation.

In this regard De Sabata qualifies preeminently: not as heart specialist, but as an ear-and-eye man. The sequence of works which includes the "March to the Gallows" of the Berlioz "Symphonie Fantastique" at the end of the first half of program No. 1 and "The Ride of the Valkyries" at the end of the second half, the "Sorcerer's Apprentice" and the Ravel "Bolero" of similar service later on, leaves no one with any doubt where he should applaud.

Let it not be supposed that the man is a mere sensationalist—far from it. Record devotees, if none other, know what he can do with Mozart's "Requiem." But for American purposes De Sabata has been cast as the shake-well-before-using type—and he suits it very well.

He has, perhaps, the most affection for pure sonority of any conductor since Stokowski in full cry, and I indicate *pure* purposely. Such sweet, dulcet sounds from the Philharmonic woodwinds and glistening passage work by the strings are not the product of chance. They are the product of a master of his craft. Whether De Sabata is more, I doubt. Those who seek clarification will find it on the radio at the usual hour for the next few Sundays. Don't bother looking up the station: where the loudest (or the softest) sound is, that's De Sabata and the Philharmonic.

FEBRUARY 25 was Leonard Bernstein Day in New York. In the afternoon he directed his own "eclogue" on Auden's "Age of Anxiety" with the Philharmonic, and in the evening he could see it staged as a ballet in the City Center. Having now heard it three times (in Tanglewood last summer, once with the Philharmonic, then as a ballet) I can say one thing with assurance. I don't want to hear it again.

It is a work for orchestra with piano which has much skill of execution and not a few ingenious ideas of how music should be written. The variations evolving out of the texture of a piece rather than by engaging an over-all theme is an innovation worth respect. The work moves, has life, interest. But the personal idiom does not attract me—for, in truth, I find it hard to isolate.

What I am more anxious about than the "Age of Anxiety" is the age of Bernstein. I think he is in need of a good *Wanderjahr*, which, from the sound of his Beethoven No. 8 on this program, should preferably be spent in Vienna. He should, I think, review his program of simultaneous careers as conductor, composer, and pianist. The last one of such persuasions in New York was Walter Damrosch. Need I say more? Even Rachmaninoff decided that composing and piano-playing were as much as one man with two hands could comfortably accomplish. Who knows—maybe Bernstein likes to be uncomfortable.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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KNOW JOYCE?

(*Continued from page 9*)

"elephants"—he evolved the extraordinary amalgam of correlatives, echoes, parodies, and caricatures which is one of the most depressing things that has ever come out of literature: "Ulysses."

Joyce was educated as a "Schoolman." According to his brother, who has written the most presentable account of him, he very nearly became a Jesuit. He never could be said to have left the order, for he was never received in it. But he never left the Middle Ages. He was "trained in the school of old Aquinas," he once said of himself.

Therefore it should not come as a surprise when we read that the Schoolmen of the Middle Ages, the very early Middle Ages, were in the habit of playing tricks with words. Here is a quotation from "The Gateway of the Middle Ages," by Eleanor Shipley Duckett, with reference to "The Hesperica Famina, the Western Sayings": "This is a collection of texts on various subjects composed in a bizarre and artificial style that seems to have been a vogue among cultured writers of Britain and Ireland in the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries. . . . It seems as if the devotees of some literary cult had used all their ingenuity to pick out from the glossaries and all recondite and mysterious sources a language of their own foreign to the writing of the time."

Joyce had taught for a time at the Berlitz language school in Paris. What greater glossary could he have at hand than all the languages of the Berlitz schools?

I, who knew Joyce and the Dublin in which he lived and the way it treated him, find amusement here and there in "Ulysses," even in the fact that Ulysses never comes into the book. Ulysses is the author, Joyce himself seeking his true home in gaunt Ithaca. I personally can find here and there some pay dirt in "Ulysses," for there are sparks to be glimpsed of bawdiness and argot. But these must pass completely unrecognized by anyone not well informed about the randy songs of the old city, with its despairing degradation of human life.

"Ulysses" was published at last. I have once been called "an accessory before the act" of Joyce's "Ulysses." The United States may be called with more justice "an accessory after the act." Had it not been for Sylvia Beach, who published "Ulysses," and Miss Wearing, who endowed Joyce with a liberal allowance, which enabled him to live in comfort for the first time

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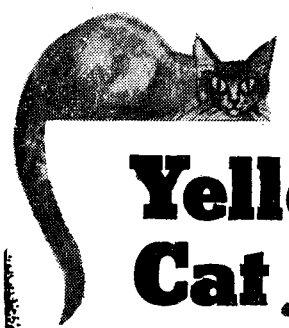

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in his life, there might have been neither "Ulysses" nor what followed.

Suddenly Joyce found that his leg-pull had acquired an international audience. Suddenly he discovered that to write his name on the backside of beauty was the most significant action of his life. He dared not retract; money and fame were at stake. He dared not let anyone into a joke that had gone too far and had been taken too seriously. I wonder what he thought when he found himself taken seriously so far from the only place where he could count on understanding. He could not let down his followers nor his fans. His thin lips could not for one moment relax in a grim smile. The seriousness which he assumed when perpetrating a joke had overwhelmed him. Mockery was catching. What an "artist" he had become!

We must not blame Joyce's admirers too much if they are unaware of what happened in the monasteries and the schools of Ireland in the fifth and sixth centuries. In large part his admirers are internationalists whose mother tongue is any language but English. How should they know of this medieval gibberish?

But a stern protest becomes due when tribes of the inept but intellectually arrogant failures in literature, such as Gertrude Stein, seize on the opportunity of imitating "Ulysses" in presenting boredom, dirt, and despair as fitting subjects for poetry and prose. They ask us to bow down before all followers of "The Master," to hail them as innovators and immortal geniuses. The only thing about them that is immortal is their ineptitude. They ask us to join them in hailing the loss of human dignity, the degradation and disgrace of Man.

In the Polynesian group are certain islands where the demented are worshiped, and there is an island where to be happy is taboo. Joyce was far from demented. He had deliberation, persistence, and fortitude; "Ulysses," his stink bomb for Dublin, had long careful preparation. Like the unfortunate Polynesians, the Joyce worshipers reverence the topsy-turvy; by dwelling on the ugliness and misery of things they make themselves miserable and then expect us to share their wretchedness. In literature as in life their practice is the same. False contrasts, strangulated adjectives, pettiness, and rhythmless platitudes are all they can offer in the place of poetry. "Ulysses" was an example of making ineffectuality the subject of a novel. What a chance this presented for cashing in on their incompetence. Beards for the chinless!

Joyce's power of construction was weak, hence the obscene conjunction of "Ulysses" with the Homeric poem. As in the case of the so-called modern poets, Joyce's inheritors, a dislocated world demands a dislocated poem to describe it. But the business of the poet is to build anew and magnify, not to photograph nor to hold a cracked mirror up to nature. It would be as logical to submit that you must talk broken English if you have a broken leg.

This mere conglomeration without sequence has been excused by reviewers calling it the adventures of the subconscious or, contradictorily, the stream of consciousness. All an effort to give significance where there is none, and where none was intended. The fatuousness of life was what Joyce wished to convey and this he accomplished. We are told that Mrs. Bloom, for instance, means the blossoming earth. If so, why not say it, and sweetly without stench?

This decadence might have been all harmless if it had remained on the Left Bank of the Seine. But, unfortunately, it has become in its most pronounced phases associated with America. Decadence and America! One would think they were antipodes. Whatever excuse there might be for

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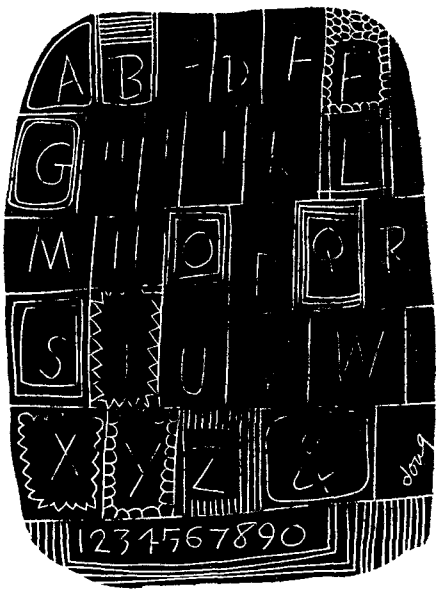

the failure of the vital spirit in Europe, there is none for it in the New World. In England no one takes Joyce as a Colossus. In Dublin there are many unfamed (I will not say "infamous") "artists" of his ilk.

According to the "James Joyce Year Book," the following is from the pen of a London critic:

> The reader who returns to "Ulysses" today finds it, first and foremost, a child of its age. The tens of thousands of capital letters and punctuation marks massacred on the Left Bank of the Seine by earnest disciples bear witness to the novel's effect on American expatriates. France and Germany have produced commentaries on it. But even in America itself, where Joyce's momentum was felt far more strongly than in England, one would say that the Joycean influence has been chiefly on writers not of the first rank.

Notice the "not of the first rank." Could there be a better example of understatement?

When I read those who although they have never been in Dublin set themselves up as "guides to Joyce" or as masters of "The Master," I feel sorrow for their ignorance and then anger at their presumption. I know how Joyce, who used a grim attitude long sustained when he was acting rather than "making" a joke, would laugh at these "fans" of his—and his dupes.

How does it happen that America should have become the chief infirmary for Joyceans? The answer is because America is the country *par excellence* of the detective story, the crossword puzzle, and the smoke signal. All these are supplied by "Ulysses." Here, too, where mental homes are numerous, are to be found that unique class who think that the unraveling of an enigma or a puzzle is the height of poetry. The snake pits have become vocal.

Are we to take our values from the insane no matter how atrophied their taste has become, and no matter how arrogant their claim to be arbiters? When they can prove to us that poetry can be without rhythm and prose can be without sense, I will be happy to join them. Meanwhile, I think that poetry is powerful enough to survive even as Gulliver survived all the indignities of Lilliput, though even there the king issued no edicts on matters of taste. Joyce is said to have told a reader that he expected him to devote his whole life to the study of "Finnegans Wake." What a puzzle that would be.

Language is meant to convey ideas, emotions, and messages. If a messenger boy spent his time in handsprings, wheels, and back somersaults instead of delivering the message, and defended himself with the plea that he had superseded and enhanced it, we would have a parallel to what Joyce has done with the language. He has (to change the metaphor) substituted the lampshade for the light.

Two catastrophic wars have destroyed our values. The world is filled with the rubble of these wars, until rubble seems to the slum-dwellers of literature to be more normal than a city. Hence the cult of fragments in vogue today. Loot was everywhere; the art dealers' stores became junk shops until the trash took the place of the art. Bad artists were promoted; the taste, the discrimination of the public was deliberately debauched.

Lately an art dealer (notice the "dealer") said, "Thank God we have got rid of beauty."

Men as robust and as creative as Aeschylus, Cervantes, Ben Jonson, and a host of others were off at the wars. During their absence the toads crept up the stairs and began to croak. The atmosphere turned miasmic, and "brek-e-kek-kek-kek-kek-koax" became the sole medium of intellectual exchange.

But all this is nothing new. The islander Greeks suffered from trespassers on Parnassus. I have faith in the intelligence of the human race, in the necessity for beauty and poetry to light and lighten our days. There is no need for violence to cleanse the literary stables; all we need do is to turn into them the stream of decency and sense. And healthy laughter. For when laughter comes it is a sign of a return of sanity. And impostors must run away.

Oliver St. John Gogarty, Irish surgeon, poet, and novelist, was the original of "Buck Mulligan" in James Joyce's "Ulysses." Notable among his many books are his memoirs, "As I Was Going Down Sackville Street."

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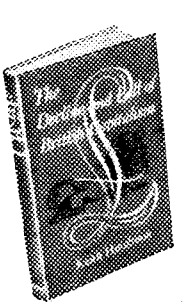

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—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

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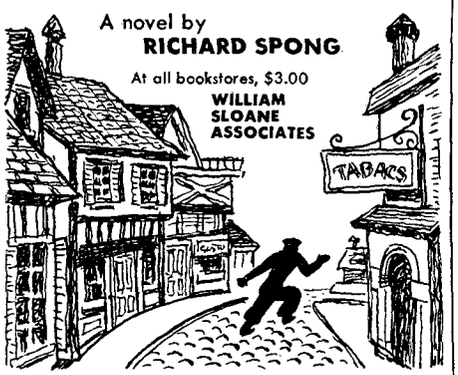

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
FRANCE		
OFFENBACH: "TALES OF HOFFMANN." Théatre Nat. de l'Opéra-Comique (chorus, orch., soloists), cond. André Cluytens. Columbia LP: SL-106 (3)	Finest opera recording since the war—remarkably clear, wide-range, distortion-free; every word ultra-intelligible with an unusual sense of presence—characters seem almost alive before you. Balance puts solos near, orch. in background, but not too far: good for this music.	Grand opera, Gilbert & Sullivan à la Française, Offenbach, and Delibes all rolled into one! A tremendous, hilarious, marvelously sung and acted performance. Six LP sides, and it is alive, exciting to the end. Gorgeous singing, diction. (French classes note.)
RAMEAU: "LES INDES GALANTES." (Extensive excerpts.) Gouverne Choir, Hewitt Chamber Orch., soloists. Vox LP: DL 6080	An older recording, minus highs, distorted in top range (easy to cut out) but acoustics are good and listening is easy. Harpsichord continuo is bit too prominent. Some pitch aberrations.	A find for 18th-century fans—first time a large slice of Rameau opera has been available. Ballet music, solos, an active chorus. Vigorous, very French performance, good singing, orchestra sometimes a bit rough.
MASSENET: "SCENES ALSACIENNES." Minneapolis Symphony, Mitropoulos. Columbia LP: ML 2074 (10")	A nice, liquid recording, avoids the rather cold, hard quality of some Columbia-Minneapolis recordings.	An uncommonly nice bit of 19th-century French incidental music, tuneful as Delibes, with a bit more substance, seriousness. Most sympathetically played.
DEBUSSY: "CHILDREN'S CORNER" (arr. orch.). Leopold Stokowski and his orchestra. RCA Victor 45: WDM 1327 (3) (Also 78 rpm.)	A high-quality recording with the special acoustics Stokowski prefers — big, lush liveness, yet every instrument seems a soloist.	This orchestral version of the familiar piano music was Debussy-approved. It's effective, and this is a nicely phrased, unostentatious performance. (But I like it better on the piano.)
DEBUSSY: "POUR LE PIANO"; "ESTAMPES." Claudio Arrau, piano. Columbia LP: ML 2086 (10")	Brilliant piano recording, but still suffers from rather percussive loud notes. Softer parts are first rate.	Two valuable sets of Debussy piano work, the softer parts particularly effective in the non-hiss LP form. Arrau is technically brilliant, better here than in Beethoven. But this won't rate as first-quality playing.
TREASURY OF FRENCH SONG. Martial Singher, baritone. (a) Paul Ulanowsky, piano; (b) J. La Montaine, piano; H. Hubert, cello; Ross Norwood, flute. Columbia LP: ML 4258	Two sets of recordings; average quality is high. Voice is close, never percussive or blasting; piano, flute, and cello in background but with good volume, enveloping voice, as is proper.	Collection, new and previous. A good cross-section of 19th-century French recital material, with some of the best, a lot of innocuous drawing-room stuff. Faultless, impeccable singing—but on the mild side, decidedly.
FRANCAIX: CONCERTINO FOR PIANO AND ORCH. Berlin Phil., Borchard. SERENADE FOR TWELVE INSTRUMENTS. Hamburg Chamber Orch., Jochum. Capitol LP: L 8051 (10")	Two good Telefunkens, nicely wide range, big, live acoustics. Some hiss from original 78 recordings.	Delightful or irritating, as you wish—witty, nose-thumbing music, "neo-classic"; brilliant, humorous, yet always on edge of banality. Why?
FAMOUS BAROQUE SONATAS—for flute and harpsichord (Bach, Handel, L. Da Vinci, Daniel Purcell). O. Nussio, flute, Hans Andreae, harpsichord. Elite LP: CE 4001	From (quite old?) Swiss recordings; noticeable hiss, highs absent. Good balance and liveness; listening is easy, though this is not up-to-date technically. Poor patching.	Four sonatas da camera, varying from interesting to top-quality music. Nussio flute is "French" style, over-phrased, not in too accurate time. Harpsichord good. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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the Phoenix Nest

YOUR CITY ON H-DAY

THE POETS are drunk and the priests are dumb.
The children are frightened out of their joy.
The beasts and the birds are frozen numb.
The hoop rolls after the heels of the boy.

The fathers and mothers face east and west,
Their houses are left with the doors ajar.
The poor insane are assembled and dressed.
Some go to the church and some to the bar.

The books and chalk and the rulers are dropped;
The teachers are leaving in single file.
The children stay though the lesson is stopped,
There is not a whoop or a weakly smile.

The editor turns in his swivel chair
And he whistles a tune in a painful way.
The lights go up and the city is bare.
There is nothing but smoke and red-drenched clay.

Now this is a picture that you may spurn
If the comics or movies can lure you more—
Or possibly God has something to learn
From the little men scheming outside His door.

—JOSEPH FRANCIS MURPHY.

* * *

MEMORANDA

In conjunction with *The American Girl*, Dodd, Mead & Co. wants to find a story that will appeal to Girl Scouts and at the same time have real literary merit. Any American or Canadian author is eligible in this contest, but should realize they are writing for girls of from twelve to sixteen years of age. The prize is $1,500 plus royalties. For further information write Dodd, Mead & Co., 432 Fourth Ave. *And don't write to me!* The competition closes September 15, 1950. . . .

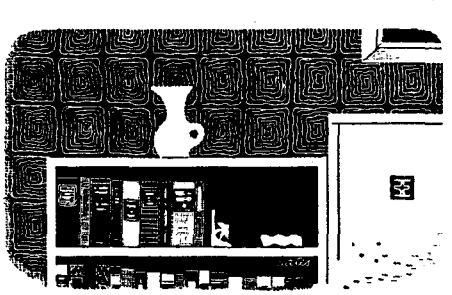
Poet's Reed is a new quarterly of verse edited and published by Letitia Wilson at Oak Park, Greenwell Springs, La. Also at two bucks a year. Write Mrs. Wilson. *Don't write to me!* . . .

The Alaska Crippled Children's Association is an organization of volunteers struggling to support their Orthopedic Hospital. They have published a cook book, of which they are proud, called "Out of Alaska's Kitchens." It has 248 pages of recipes and sixteen colored photographs of Alaska. It is $2.75. Address Alaska Crippled Children's Association, Anchorage, Alaska (Territorial Headquarters. P. O. Box 912). *And don't send the money to me!* . . .

Charming Mrs. Schoyer called upon me the other day to tell me about *Schoyer's Vital Anniversaries of the Known World*, Vol. III for 1950. This compilation has no counterpart in the field of historical collections and supplies over 750 usable dates, one to four anniversaries being summarized for each day of 1950. John Kieran thinks it handy for editors and columnists and the director of the Carnegie Library in Pittsburgh finds it "a quick and reliable aid." Subscribers also will be served with specialized anniversary services and their inquiries will be appreciated. Quiz programs should welcome it! *Schoyer's Vital Anniversaries* is published by Will Schoyer & Co., 304 Ross St., Pittsburgh, Pa. Send lots of money to Will and Maxine Schoyer! *But don't send it to me, and don't tell me you lost this copy of the* SRL, *and so you want me especially to send you the address all over again.* . . .

Grover Jacoby pays a minimum of $2.50 for a poem review (not of a book of poems) 100 to 150 words, the reviewer to select some poem published within the last two years in some magazine or book. This is for a new department he is including in his magazine, *Variegation: A Free Verse Quarterly*, Room 549, 124 Fourth St., Los Angeles 13, Calif. *Get that address!* . . .

Kelly Janes is getting out a tiny magazine called *Grace*, featuring humor and poetry, religious and political. The price is one buck a year, twelve issues. He has in his house a new five-by-eight-inch Kelsey hand press, with a dozen fonts of type—roman and italic—(something I envy him!). His wife, Margery Mansfield, is going to show him how to print. You will please laboriously type out your letter and send it to Kelly Janes, Box 923, Monterey, Mass. *Not to me!* . . .



Another man who has a Kelsey hand press is Wilfred H. Brown, B. A., who took up printing as a hobby and added to his shop on a limited budget. His wife, Elinor Henry Brown, is just as interested in printing as he. She went to buy some composing sticks and came home with the obligation to buy a Chandler-Price job press for sixty dollars. But they have never regretted the extravagance. They print and publish at The Camas Press, 11123 Erwin St., North Hollywood, Calif. The camas is a wild blue lily with an onion-like root, which the Oregon Indians used to dig and dry for food. Mrs. Brown writes poetry and children's books. They do book plates and personalized stationery. Now I've given you their address! Let the flood of orders flow to them direct, not to me! Mr. Brown, by the way, is not only a typographer, but an author, a philatelist, and an authority on trilobitea. If you are in North Hollywood, phone Sunset 1-0730. . . .

The Poetry Center, YM & YWHA, Lexington Ave. at Ninety-second St., New York City, where I recently heard Dylan Thomas read his poems, is under the direction of the American poet John Malcolm Brinnin and is presenting a subscription series. Single admission for readings is a dollar and a half and in April you can still hear Elizabeth Bishop, Randall Jarrell, and William Carlos Williams, if you call ATwater 9-9456. *Don't call me!* . . .

For the best sonnet rhyming a-b-b-b-a-a-a-b, c-d-d-c-c-d, the Los Angeles Chapter of the Federation of Chapparal Poets of California will pay fifty large, round, ripe simoleons, but the deadline of submission is April 15, 1950. My own fault of procrastination in announcing this! Address The Los Angeles Chapter, 5930 Manola Way, Hollywood 28, Calif. *Hurry, hurry!* . . .

* * *

MARCH WIND

He lassos birch tree horses
To gallop them up hill,
Where within snow flurries,
Exuberant and shrill,
He tries out jive arpeggios
On a willow flute—
Like my youngest grandson
In his cowboy suit.

—SOPHIE HIMMELL.

* * *

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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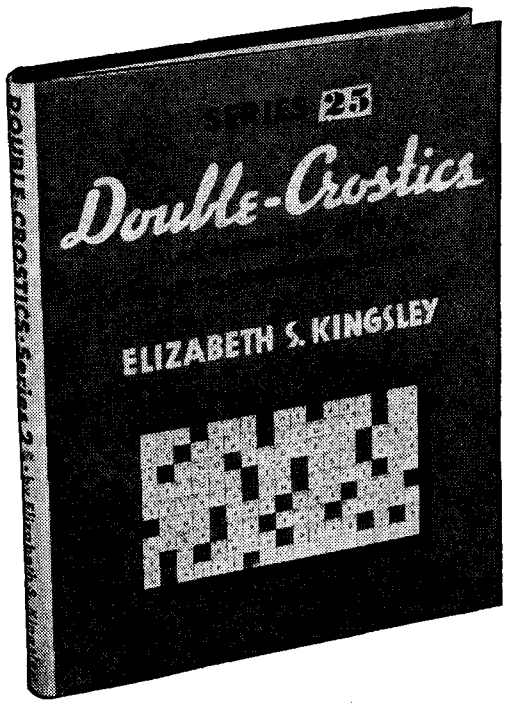
Just Out!



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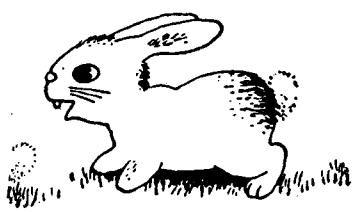

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 834

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Poet laureate of England, 1757-85.	54 2 91 109 75 144 65 125 119
B. Valley near Bethlehem, probable site of battle between David and Goliath (3 wds.; Bib.).	87 13 39 30 155 169 51 23 81 110
C. Vigorous and rushing; outpouring.	80 21 4 112 48 175 67 121 10 93
D. Inflorescence of the cherry blooms and their like (bot.; pl.).	50 60 29 24 72 85 153
E. Pendent part of the old academic or clerical tippet (hist.).	35 82 148 7 52 174 120 111
F. *New York Herald Tribune*'s Pulitzer Prize winner (with another) for National Reporting, 1948.	25 79 127 168 94 102 133
G. A municipal stadium in the U.S. (2 wds.).	64 77 15 166 136 183 89 129
H. Name of five native rulers of the Hawaiian Islands.	36 27 76 145 74 58 131 3 97 161
I. Industrial city in New York, outlet for N. Y. State Barge Canal system.	53 137 46 37
J. American essayist and critic (1843-1904); literary editor of *Harper's*, 1886-98.	90 130 143 1 179 162
K. Ancient site of principal temple of Ceres (Gr. myth.).	56 100 142 66
L. Opera by Gilbert and Sullivan, subtitled "The Statutory Duel."	177 68 88 28 171 103 126 14 157 40 115 98
M. Defenses or bulwarks.	159 5 33 132 150 92 108 42
N. Present ruler of Trans-Jordan.	44 38 62 176 165 106 31 11
O. Machine for turning hay or straw into fodder.	128 154 84 135 146 164 138 32 96 123 70
P. Hercules of the American Indians ("Hiawatha").	160 182 172 116 34 104 163
Q. Industrial city and port on Lake Ontario in Canada near Toronto.	134 124 140 117 156 158
R. Leaf of a fern (bot.).	69 180 101 8 45
S. Tangible.	73 71 78 114 16 147 63 152 107
T. American man of letters (1837-1920).	43 170 18 178 151 61 99
U. Embitters.	19 57 6 41 83 113 173 139
V. An ancient manuscript as of the Scriptures or the classics.	59 86 105 9 49
W. Toward or in a lower position (poetic).	167 95 17 149 122
X. "The Weathercock"; cabinet minister under George III, helped to bring on the American Revolution.	181 141 47 118 26 55 12 22 20

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1 J	2 A	3 H	■	4 C	5 M	6 U	7 E	8 R	9 V	■	10 C
11 N	12 X	13 B	14 L	■	15 G	16 S	17 W	18 T	19 U	20 X	■	21 C	22 X	23 B	24 D	■		
25 F	26 X	■	27 H	■	28 L	29 D	30 B	31 N	32 O	■	33 M	34 P	35 E	36 H	37 I	■		
38 N	39 B	40 L	41 U	■	42 M	43 T	44 N	45 R	46 I	47 X	■	48 C	49 V	50 D	51 B	52 E		
53 I	■	54 A	55 X	56 K	57 U	■	58 H	■	59 V	60 D	61 T	62 N	■	63 S	64 G	65 A		
66 K	67 C	68 L	■	69 R	70 O	71 S	72 D	■	73 S	74 H	75 A	■	76 H	77 G	78 S	79 F		
80 C	81 B	82 E	83 U	■	84 O	85 D	86 V	87 B	88 L	■	89 G	90 J	91 A	92 M	93 C	94 F		
95 W	■	96 O	97 H	98 L	■	99 T	100 K	101 R	102 F	■	103 L	104 P	105 V	■	106 N	107 S		
108 M	■	109 A	110 B	111 E	■	112 C	113 U	114 S	115 L	116 P	■	117 Q	118 X	119 A	■	120 E		
121 C	122 W	123 O	124 Q	■	125 A	126 L	127 F	■	128 O	129 G	130 J	131 H	132 M	133 F	■	134 Q		
135 O	■	136 G	137 I	138 O	139 U	140 Q	■	141 X	142 K	■	143 J	144 A	145 H	■	146 O	147 S		
148 E	■	149 W	150 M	151 T	152 S	■	153 D	154 O	155 B	156 Q	■	157 L	158 Q	159 M	160 P	■		
161 H	162 J	163 P	■	164 O	165 N	166 G	167 W	168 F	■	169 B	170 T	171 L	■	172 P	■	173 U		
174 E	175 C	176 N	177 L	178 T	■	179 J	180 R	■	181 X	182 P	183 G	■	■	■	■	■		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 31 of this issue.

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PERSONALS

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PERSONALS

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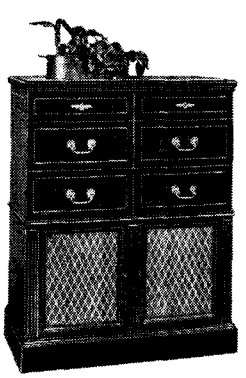

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